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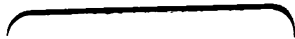
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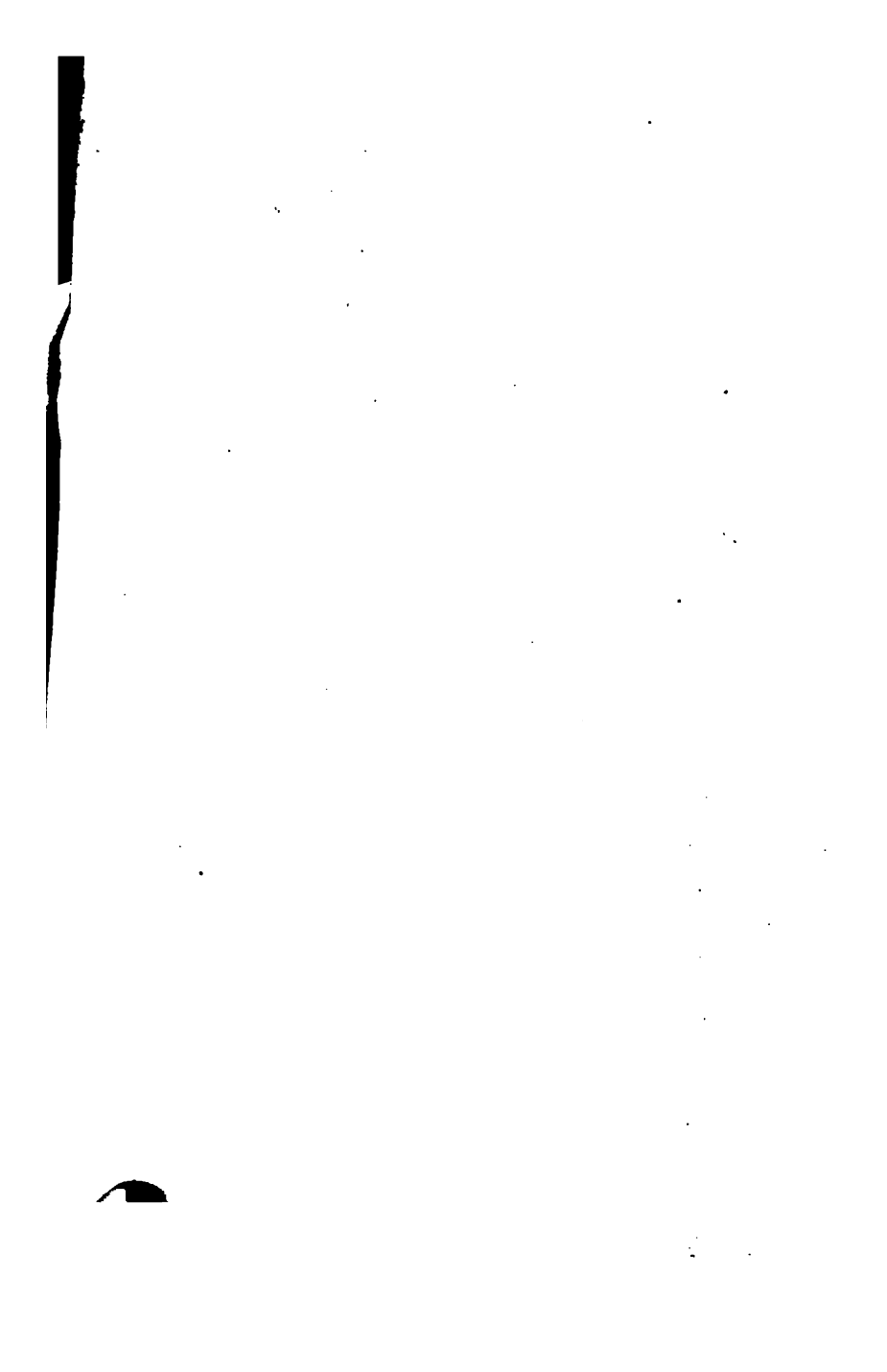
The Scofield Family



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S**OUTHERN**

S**ONGS.**

BY

D. C. F. MOODIE.

THIRD EDITION.

CAPE TOWN:

J. C. JUTA & CO.

1887.

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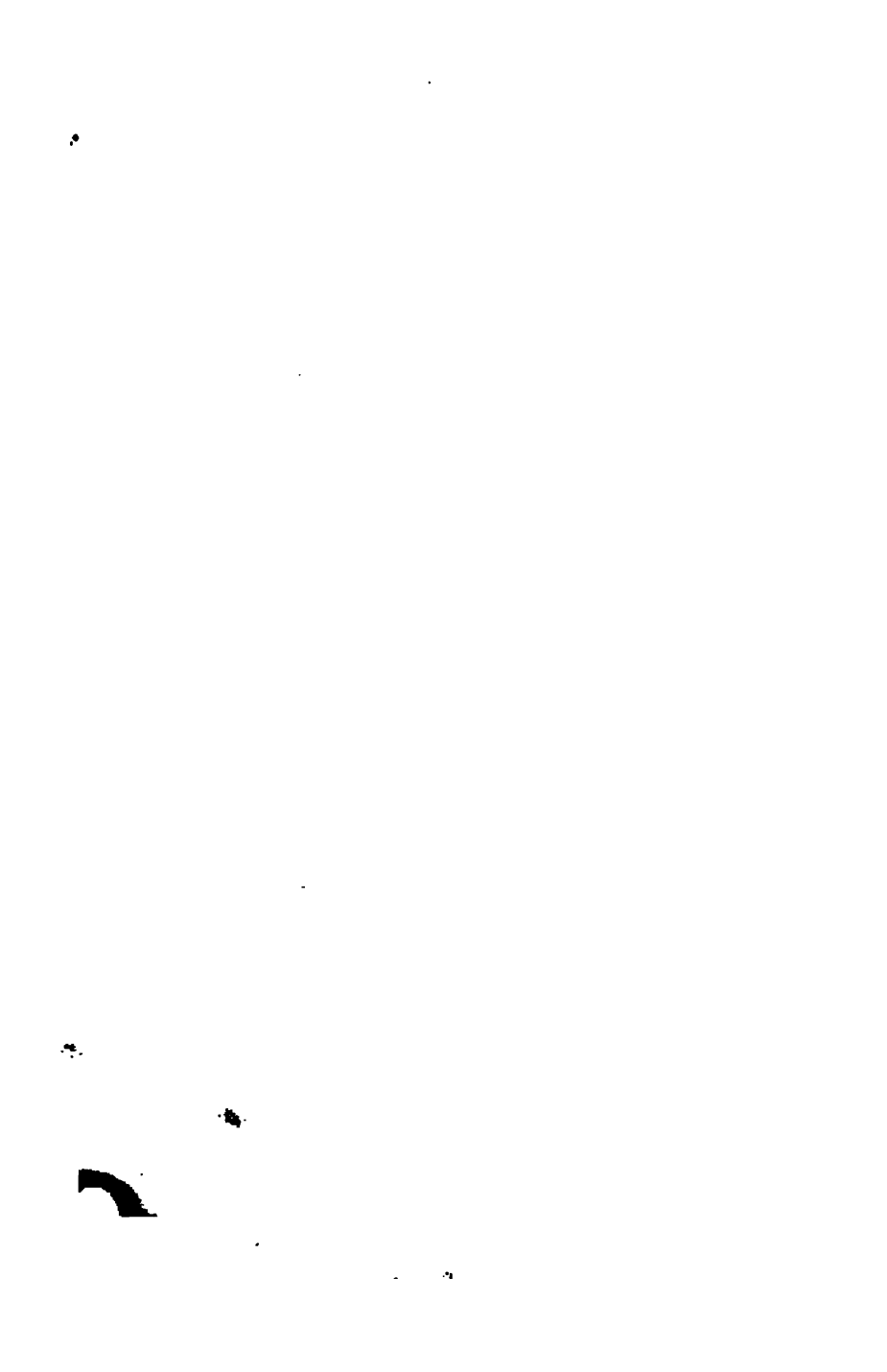
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DEDICATED

TO

MY LITTLE SON

ERLAND OLAVE MOODIE.







Adamastor, or the Titan Shape of the Mighty Cape.



Old the Titans; in unholy rage,
Waged impious war against the thunderer
Jove;

And oft we've seen along the classic page
How—lightning armed—the “Cloud Compeller”
hove

The rebels headlong down to earth, where still they
strove

Awhile amongst themselves, and then were doomed
To lone and distant spots, ne'er more to rove,
But stand the sentries grim where breakers boomed,
Where lay life's light, and joy, and Hope itself
entombed.

The youngest Titan, Adamastor named
(So sings in sweetest strain the Lusian bard),
Was banished south to far off country, claimed
In after days, by Diaz, sailor hard—

And here to-day the Giant stands—ill starred—
His human semblance altered, and his brow,
Tho' princely still, all wild, and fiercely scarred.
But as of yore he stood, so stands he now,
And sadly prays to Jove to change his vengeful vow.

But Jove has other work, and will not hear,
And Adamastor prays in vain, but yet
O'er the wild Ocean doth the Monster rear
His lofty crest of crags, and front of jet.
And mark, oh mark ! the noble profile set
In sternest beauty o'er the western wave—
(His forehead still with sylphlike wreathings wet)
And see the Monarch gaze where Sol doth lave
His crimson head in billow blue—his daily grave.

Yes, o'er that wave did Adamastor scan
Th' intrepid Diaz, and De Gama bold
Pursue their dubious course with tools and plan
Of rudest sort, but still with courage hold
Their way to lands possess'd of fabled gold ;
And from their high and clumsy vessels saw
A lofty land where mists fantastic rolled,
And storms resounding from the "caverned shore,"
With hollow groan "repeat the tempest's (horrid) roar."

When many years had flown the Giant saw
The coming of Van Riebeeck (and his fleet)
“ In culture and refinement ” was he raw,
But wisdom he pursued with hasty feet,
And in acquiring knowledge was discreet ;
“ A little fiery tempered resolute man ”
With “ prime of life and health ” and active heat,
He served his masters well in act and plan,
And to the last he wrought as all good servants can.

And with him came his burghers quaint, who soon
Squatted beneath the Giant’s brow, and piled
The work, till Bona Dea gave her boon.
And soon where trouble was, all Nature smiled,
And all was bright in jackal-haunted wild.
To “ Lion’s Head ” the “ look out ” man was sent
To spy the ships that were “ the Enemy ” styled,
And as to tent the weary “ Merchant ” went,
The lion’s roar was with the boom of billows blent.

Old time rolled on—and Adamastor looked
One day upon the open judgment room,
And trembled at the sight. Old Death had booked
Van Nood, the Governor, with a fearful doom,
That soon the village filled with horrid gloom.

Death's awful sentence he'd just passed on one
Who vainly pled "not guilty" of the tomb;
"I go to hang! We meet 'fore God! I come!"
Some minutes hence pale Death had struck the
Governor dumb.

Yes, when the limbs of law straight back repair
To say the sentence has been carried out,
They found him dead, bolt upright in his chair.
The troubled soul had fled—withouten doubt—
Just at the time they hanged the prisoner stout.
The quaint, old fashioned, straight-back chair is still
On day view to the curious folks about,
And superstitious people stare until
Of deathly fear and gossip they have had their fill.

The Giant guardian Genius of the Cape
Looks forth o'er lovely scenes of wood and wave,
And from the profile of his Titan shape
That eastward looks, the view is fair and "brave,"
For there high peaks the Berg stream waters lave,
While close beneath and nestling, mongst the trees,
Enchanting homes o'er which the fir trees wave,
In soft contentment stretch between two seas,
And breathe, in turn, the Mountain and the Ocean
breeze.

And here the patriarch¹ in his old Cape home—
A paradise of creeper, heath, and wood—
Rules in benignant sway ; no more to roam
From ancient halls where lares stand and stood,
And breathed in peace from ventures wildly good.
And lo ! at eve, midst generations three
(All humbly kneeling, as 'tis meet they should),
He bows his hoary head, and asks that He
May still their stay, and friend, and help, and
guardian be.

I like the Cape—I like its scenery fair,
Its lovely lassies, seashore and its bays,
I like the town, for there I first breathed air,
I like the people, and I like their ways.
I like the Premier, and I like his “stays,”
And by Jove, I even love taxation,
When well put on, and when the taxed one pays.
I'm in the mood to even hug vexation,
For to congenial theme I owe a slight elation.

And now farewell. I've climbed the Lion's Mount
And seen a tiny flower not seen since youth.²
Oh ! fairy power that wells from Nature's fount
When early scenes recur with tender truth.

6 ADAMASTOR, OR THE TITAN SHAPE, ETC.

O'er Ocean hangs the sun, and now, in sooth,
He's sunk beneath the wave, and as I gaze
Abroad across the land, I think, with truth,
That Huguenots and Dutch can claim proud bays,
For thrashing Gaul and Spaniard in their palmiest
days.

NOTES.—1. The late respected patriarch of Westbrook was here in mind.
2. I had been away from the Cape over thirty years.

Three Anchor Bay,
Cape Town, Jan. 8th, 1887.



DUSKY THOUGHTS.

[WRITTEN IN THE HUNTING FIELDS OF THE INTERIOR OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA.]

“ 'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.
* * * * *
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.”

—LORD BYRON.



LOW sinks the Sun beyond the distant hill,
And num'rous sounds awake the evening
still ;

For harshly sounding from the dreary vlei¹,
The lonely heron screams his grating lay :
Dread Leo's warning note disturbs the vale,
And jackals answer shrill from hill and dale ;
The Wolf's long howl rebellows in the caves,
And Hunger fierce th' adjacent rifle braves.
Rang'd in a line, th' observant oxen stand,
Lift their high horns, and snuff the fear-fraught wind ;

Alert they stand, intent on danger nigh,
Nor chew the cud, nor heave the deep-drawn sigh.
Now sportive Gnus, indignant at the blaze
Just kindled where they deem 'tis theirs to graze,
Discordant snort their anger at the scene,
A moment pause, then, snuffing far the green,
Away they go, with whisking, snowy tail,
Grotesquely gambolling down the spacious dale ;
Curvet and prance, and toss the flowing mane,
In swift gyrations o'er the dusky plain.
And oft with hostile front and threat'ning eye,
Two of the troop to sudden combat fly ;
O'er clashing war the dusty clouds arise,
Till far at last the vanquish'd nimbly flies ;
The victor sweeps triumphant o'er the plain,
And springs exulting to the herd again²

And now on high fair Dian's silv'ry sheen,
In midnight silence walks the blue serene³,
And steeps the mind, expanded by her beam,
In many a wild and vainly happy dream.
Bright o'er the dark brown trees she lifts her head
From out the belt of fog—her snowy bed ;
Clear in the west yon mountain stretches now
Ere sinks the star that lingers on his brow ;

Fresh in the moonlit scene the dew-bright leaves
Dance to the faintest sigh soft Zephyr heaves,
And glass-like glitt'ring in the glowing air,
Mix with the stars which thro' the boughs appear.

Oft have I loved to watch yon lamp of Night
Gild the wild brook that trembles in her light,
As o'er the moss-grown stones thro' wooded vales
It leaps and laughs and tells its bubbling tales.
And I have marked the troublous clouds that veil
Her gentle face alike from hill and dale ;
And I have thought 'twas like the alloy that blends
With each bright gift our happier fortune sends.
And I have marked her burst her fleecy shroud,
A moment smile thro' that eternal cloud,
And I did think 'twas like the joy so rare
Predestination ekes to mortals here.

Foreknowledge is Predestination's height,
By literati of undoubted light,
But then, indeed, this doctrine would imply
That things beyond the power of Heaven lie ;—
'Twould say that Heaven's Eternal Lord was fain
To yield to Fate's mythologic reign

And know the destination of each soul,
Without the power to influence or control.
But not to me, or to my verse belong
The tangled weavings of didactic song,
Which, like the structure on hoar Mœris lake,
Or that erected for the Cretan's sake,
Perplex and maze in many a subtle turn,
Nor right nor wrong th' intruder can discern.

The thing that's wrong we quickly feel and see,
But oft we know not what the right may be,
Thus still, alas ! by Want and Weakness driv'n ;
An act is wrought 'gainst which the mind has striv'n ;
A deed, perchance, of habit's forceful coils,
From which the better heart in dread recoils ;
And often it haps, oh, reader, that to shun
A coming evil, 'gainst our will we run,
And perpetrate what should not have been done ;
E'en so Alcmaeon, too obedient son,
His mother slew, to please his sire, and won
Eternal blame, irreverence to shun.⁴

Oh, Poverty, in thy unhappy school
Life holds no charm for fickle fortune's fool ;

I scorn the sophist's wild fanfaronade
That gives a joy to life in ev'ry grade—
Who shews, persuasive, in his specious page,
A foaming maniac happy in his rage.
To the unletter'd drudge, who hardly lives,
Insensibility an opiate gives,
But Want, when link'd to quicken'd minds, will ne'er
A joy afford—save Hope in mad career,
Till by Life's setting sun brown shades are cast
From Nature's tree, and fade into the Past,
Or, lengthen'd out o'er many a rood of ground,
Blend with the Future's dim nocturnal bound.

The heart that vibrates to the feeling tone
Of sleepless woes impassion'd spirits own,
Is grateful when the flow of Song doth find
An outlet for the pent and brimming mind,
That floods expression o'er the blotted page,
As words and words the ready pen engage.
But I, alas ! in eager chase of terms
Too soon am lost ; and what my Muse affirms
To be a glorious theme, is past and gone
Before my faint expression seizes on
The fleeting image, which I cannot force
To bide an instant on its flighty course—

To leave at least its shadow on the brain,
From whence I might transfer it to my strain.

And oft the magic mind with rapture fraught
Cleaves on swift wing the quick'ning space of thought,
At midnight seeks each loved and classic spot,
And stores herself with priceless treasures got,
Then earthward drooping when the early dawn
Gleams from the dazzling halls of rising morn,
Constructs and shapes materials she has ta'en,
And flings their essence on the joyous brain.
When down we've lain in cold and shady state,
Caused by the thorny growth of frowning Fate,
Oh, not the least of Mercy's sympathies
Are the bright dreams from which at times we rise
With sense of Joy's exhilarating flow,
Which leaves upon our minds a ruddy glow
Like that with which the sunken Southern Sun
Stains the thick clouds which, rob'd in sable dun,
Screen the last glances^s of the western ray
On the flush'd confines of departing day.

And gen'rous Love, tho' oft a mournful friend,
Still hopes, and charms, and lingers to the end,
And shews the brain's own idol rising o'er
The wild'ring tumult of its working core,

Like some beloved star, serenely bright,
Beams o'er the troubled waters in the night,
And, oh, in blessed dreams it dearly fills
The yearning void, dispersing all its ills ;
In by-gone fondness takes its wonted seat,
And calms the sorrowing hearts corroding beat ;
And, loth to part, fades softly from the brain,
Like morning mists float ling'ring from the plain.

Oh, Mighty Love ! in thy undying strength
Thou reign'st supreme o'er Time for any length ;
Though tempests roar, and oceans roll between
Thy hapless victim and his distant queen—
Yet in the dreamy and the silent night,
O'er time and rivals gleams the vision bright ;
“ The darling form still seems to hover nigh
And hush the groan of Life's last agony.”

Then pale Remembrance from Oblivion's lake
“ Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break ;”
From Lethe's flood a rising blast inspires
Lone Memory's Harp and long vibrating wires,
And rousing thoughts that long asleep have lain,
Lifts their light spirits to the brain again.
So when the hand of all-maturing Time
Has shed the leaves in mellowing Autumn's prime,

A sudden gust invades them where they lie,
And whirls their varied colours to the sky.

Farewell, bright days, when Hope with rapture fraught ⁵
Skimm'd on light wing the golden tide of thought,
Nor haply deemed in Childhood's sunny hour
That its young heart was like the budding flower
That spreads its tender leaves to drink the dew,
Descending in the moonbeam's mellow view ;
Nor sees the cank'ring insect moving near,
To revel o'er the charms it hopes to wear.
Impaled in Retrospection's silent cell
Lie hid the dusky thoughts that ever swell ;
Winters of Memory ⁶ sweep the leafless mind,
And darken o'er the waste that's left behind.

Nor let th' unfeeling sons of Mammon scorn
These tender thoughts in life's dark valley born—
Stern critic ! no ; tho' nurtured 'mid the scenes
Of Pomp's gay courts, and Plutus' ample means ;
Tho' borne upon the luscious tide of Joy,
No care-worn thoughts thy surfeitings alloy ;
Tho' Ceres spreads, and Bacchus fills the bowl,
And with intemp'rance floods the pamper'd soul ;

Yet when thy spoke within the wheel of Fate,
Shall sink perchance, and soil thy glitt'ring state;
When Life is cold, and on some foreign shore
Thou drain'st the cup Misfortune hands the poor;
When night involves with clouds of darkest dye
The fading radiance of thy evening sky,
And on thy Joy's horizon from afar,
Sweet Hope forsakes thee like a setting star—
Then—then oh, man ! in those dark hours of pain
Thou'lt own the charms of Sorrow's chast'ning strain :
So pause in time—and in thy full career
A votive shrine to Adverse Fortune rear.

Near Zoutpansberg, 1860.

NOTES.

¹Vlei.—In the patois used by the South African Dutch this word means swamp.

²Gnu.—It is really impossible to describe the superb appearance and graceful movements of these singularly anomalous animals. The Gnu is about the size of a pony, of a dark-brown colour, cloven hoofs, and a horse's proud carriage and elastic action, with his mane and tail ; the latter is long, flowing, and dazzlingly white, as he whisks it round in long

sweeps, while he scours over his native plains. Add to these features a formidable pair of horns with fierce eyes glaring at you from under them, through a rough mass of hair, and you have him. The patriarch of a troop is frequently engaged in impromptu combats—generally in guarding his troop from the intrusion of roving males—he pursues these in a paroxysm of circles, raising a pillar of dust, until the pursued turns and faces him, when after a short sharp conflict he is haply enabled to give him a *coup de grace*, snort out a “*habet!*” and swiftly rejoin his admiring troop. As far as the eye can range over the boundless plains of Southern Africa, the country is (or was) dotted by these extraordinary animals, gyrating, rearing, snorting, galloping, &c., &c., and performing antics enough to form the subject of a small volume.

“Walks the blue serene—*Dante’s Inferno*.

“See *Wright’s Dante. Alcæon*.

“Hope with rapture fraught.

Skimm’d on light wing the golden tide of thought.”

—*Susanna Moodie*.

“And in that instant o’er his soul,

Winters of Memory seemed to roll.”—*Byron’s Giaour*.



SORROW.



H, sorrow is a sacred thing,"

Is somewhere sung by those who sing ;
And strange to say, she will be found
For ever link'd in pleasure's round,
Refining, as it were, the joy,
With which she mingles as alloy.
So in the choirs of gleeful strain,
The *ear* is flatter'd in the main ;
But when Falsetto's plaintive tone,
Floats faintly thro' the spiral cone,
Distinct, yet blending with the song,
And, borne by harmony along ;
'Tis then—and not till then—the *heart*
In th' exalting strain takes active part.

And, so as on the Forte's boards,
Some hand shall wake the slumbering chords
And sudden cease ; have ye not heard
The dying note that has no word
To name it ?—but "piano thirds"
Will well express this want of words ;

Go ! strike them then, and thou wilt feel
What my faint muse can ne'er reveal ;
And as thou hear'st the lovely sound
Whose viewless spirit hovers round,
The harpstrings of the tuneful heart
Of which it forms an inborn part ;
And as thou dwell'st with thirsty ear.
On echoes faintly rolling there,
And ling'ring press the blending notes,
To keep the strain their sound evokes ;—
Then—gen'rous reader—see with me,
The justness of the simile.

And yet again, the muse would sing
The chasten'd charms that grief doth bring,
When, veil'd in beauty unimpair'd,
She's to the blaze of joy compared.
So in bright day there rules the sun,
The joy of noon—the only one—
While sorrow's night in shrouded noon
Roll's o'er the blue the peerless moon,
And all the myriad stars appear
To charm the silent midnight air.

NATURE.

A Day on the Hills in Natal.

The scene of what is here attempted to be described lies mostly upon the high bold land near Maritzburg, known as Otto's Bluff. The dawn and sunrise, so faintly depicted, were viewed from the highest part of the mountain, with an outlook towards Table Mountain. The author had sat up all night in an endeavour to shoot a leopard which frequented the spot, but which, however, never appeared. The rest of the day was spent, gun in hand and wallet on back, on the hills as described.



F Beauty, Joy, and Life and Light, which
dwell

In florid nature, be it mine to tell.

Majestic truth ! with Beauty at thy side—

Irradiate maid of highest Heaven's pride ;

And thou, undying Harmony, attend,

Romance with fact, and fact with fiction blend.

Bright Virtue bring, by brilliant Fancy drest,
And call'd by man, Imagination, blest ;
That she, companion of the Muse, may show
The gentle thoughts that lofty souls should know.

Oh, well do I remember me, when late
I stood upon the beetling crags, to wait
The coming of the rosy-fingered morn,
And view the heavenly tints that thence were born.
Far, far beyond the mountains pencill'd brow,
Defined so clearly in the mellow glow,
Leucothea grey precedes the flaming dye
With which Aurora paints th' orient mountain sky ;
Robed in dark shadows lies that mountain now,
O'er which bright Phosphor lifts his radiant brow,
While, all above, the leaden-coloured sky
Is cloudless to the little moon on high—
And brightly hangs that little circling moon,
Contrasting richly in that dull cartoon.
But oh, the star ! the blazing star above,
The morning and the evening star of love,
Sheds silently upon the scene below
The glowing softness of its ardent brow,
Beams o'er the snowy clouds that calmly sleep
In outstretch'd slumber on the shadow'd steep ;

And view'd o'er these, assumes a lurid hue,
But flames the brighter for the contrast too—
E'en so as when along the o'ersnow'd ways
Some chilly wanderer wakes the ruddy blaze,
It wears a lustre faint and pale, though bright,
And burns the fiercer in the dazzling light.
Essence of love—a tear by Sappho dropp'd,
Which Jove, in pity, in its falling stopp'd,
Suffused with light and his immortal fire,
And hung above, and granted to inspire
Love's glowing bards, when beauty's chain entwines
The heart that vents itself in am'rous lines.

Now, far below, and o'er the shrouded world,
Lie, densely clotted, fields of mist enfurl'd :
Jutting out that molten sea, the rugged peaks
Seem starting into life, to watch the freaks
Of Nature's wildest fancy o'er her glades
That lie embosom'd in those fleecy shades—
O'er hills and dales the snowy sheet extends,
And peaceful beauty to the landscape lends ;
Hush'd is all Nature in her slumber there,
And shrouded are her charms in veil so fair.
Now whisp'ring Zephyrs o'er the changing scene
Are sporting, where so late repose has been,

The mist in circling wreaths departs, nor stays
To idly wanton with the airy fays.
And sternly frowns that dusky mountain still,
And marks their flittings over moor and hill,
Like some fell giant of the early days
Beheld the dancing of the sportive fays.
Oh, for the pow'r of Byron or of Moore
To glow with this, and with the former soar ;
To find a vent for budding fancy's throes,
And reap the soft luxuriance that she sows ;
To snatch a glowing diction's varied strain,
And paint the fire when it flames again ;
So I might well portray fair Nature's charms,
Depict the bounties of her lavish arms,
Invoke the strains that to the Nine belong,
And roll the happy tide of thrilling song.

But lo ! the rainbow tints that fast succeed
Each other, proclaim th' impatient speed
Of that bright sun that rules our universe,
Of Nature's joys the sole, the constant nurse.
With burning gold he tips those ebon clouds
Whose jagged banks his glory now enshrouds—
Miniature mountains capped with melting snow—
They now appear ere fading 'fore his brow :

The upshot rays he darts thro' limpid air,
Thro' half-closed eyes in varied tints appear,
The speedy maid, with bow of varied dye,
Throws beaming pleasure in the gladden'd eye ;
And from this giant peak on which I muse,
All space seems rife with kaleidoscopic hues.
And now Aurora opes the saffron gates,
And all the glory of the sky awakes—
“ He flasheth forth like bridegroom to the feast,
Thro' the red portals of the fiery east.”
The glittering dew, with brilliant flashing clings
Around the scatter'd cobweb's silken strings,
In pearly drops within the lily grows,
Loads the wild violet and the mountain rose ;
In silvery sheen arrests each golden ray,
Refracts its stream in multi-colour'd play,
As shiver'd mirrors on a flow'ry lawn
Reflect a thousand tints where one is born,
And flit'ring thro' these early morning beams,
Sinks spangling round the smoking mountain streams.

Resuming now my trusty Terry's weight,
I wander on where fleeting game or fate
Does guide my steps—where o'er the sloping grounds
High in the air the exulting Oribe¹ bounds—

“ The rifle raised and levell’d with the eye,
Sharp a short thunder rolls along the sky,”
Swift to the unconscious hind the leaden death
Speeds on the wings of fate and stops his breath,
With one quick spring he falls upon the plain,
No more o’er vernal lawns to bound again.
Or, where the wary Rheebuck,² wild and shy,
Perceive afar the hunter drawing nigh,
Together rush in one affrighted band,
And wildly gaze and tremble as they stand ;
Till fully scared, with one short cough, again
They sweep like wind across the sounding plain.
Where, mute and lonely, on th’ impending steeps,
The mountain hawk his frequent vigil keeps,
With noiseless pinion shoots into the air,
And sails upon the wind that’s wand’ring there ;
With head oblique he scans his native sky,
Then far below his piercing glances hie
To where his dreaded shade portentous sweeps
O’er wilds, where in the sun the coney sleeps ;
With sudden fear the rock with cries resound,
As dive the furry tribe beneath the ground.
Now down I stray to where yon rushing rill
Is tumbling down the rock-defended hill,—
Here grateful winds in many a whisper’d lay,
With mild impression o’er my forehead stray,

And here reclin'd, where shadow'd flows the stream,
I lend myself to reverie and dream.

Remorseless Time has roll'd long years away
Since last I faced wild Ocean's fresh'ning spray ,
But still a charmed impression lingers o'er
The heart, when scenes she's often felt before,
Come crowding on her corners, thick as waves
Roll closely sequent into lonely caves,
Which prompts me to retune my feeble lyre,
And sing the theme of which we never tire ;—
But whence this thought that thus the past recalls
That sudden gleams and oft the mind appals ?
Without the faintest cause or reason plain,
This lightning thought darts quickly on the brain,
Picturing in the clear mirror of the mind
The distant spot that long we've left behind,
In faithful semblance painting on her eye,
The by-gone scene to mem'ry now so nigh,
And then as sudden flies, unless as here,
We fix the shadow ere it disappear.
Not ev'ry one has felt this vision leap
With magic bound upon their mem'ry's sleep,
But some there are who, startled by the spell,
Retain remembrance of the feeling well ;
Each spoken word, each gesture will appear
To have been acted in some former year,

And oft we think we almost can fortell
The next words spoken in this passing spell.³
But how shall I essay to shape my way
Thro' themes, that multi-genius 'fore my day,
Has wrought upon and left no point unview'd,
That varied Nature on their minds imbued ?
How thro' exhausted pictures steer my course,
And shun the oft-used terms that almost force
Themselves upon expression, for they deem
They are th' essentials of the pleasant theme,
And cling so firmly in the lab'ring breast,
That 'tis beyond its power to divest
Its chambers of these oft-recurring terms,
That stamp their image and implant their germs.
Coincidence of thought will oft produce
The same in words, and thus I do adduce
That censors ne'er will quibble in these times,
Nor scent a plagiarist in these stray lines.
So bear we on with that we have contrived,
Ne'er pausing to reflect from whence derived,
Nor spurn a passage for the reason that
Its semblance was in other brains begat—
For truth will charm though sung in echoed strain,
And changeless scenes instruct the bard again.

*With long-swept rise and swiftly gath'ring sweep,
That seems to rake the bosom of the deep ;*

With curling crest and tint of lucid blue,
That glows with innate specks of snowy hue ;
With pendent pause and darkly swelling breast,
That heaves as lovely woman's in her rest ;
The mighty eastern wave with booming roar
Falls thund'ring on old Afric's rocky shore.
With busy spread he swamps the crannied rocks,
And now refills a thousand puny locks,
In seething eddies swirls and frets about,
Then shrinking back, he sinks, and hurries out.
Recall'd I ween, by some internal pow'r
That guides his motion and directs his hour ;
As does the heart, withdrawing in its turn,
The drop it late emitted from its urn.

Now further down along the sandy beach
The waves seem stretching to their utmost reach,
Then swift receding with the grating sand,
They curl in little rills along the strand,
While myriad tribes of sea-born insect life
Pursue their exit and enjoy their strife ;
The fresh'ning sea-breeze spreads her airy wings,
And health and coolness to the sea-shore brings ;
The tumbling porpoise bowl along the tide :
And now aloft, now down the billow glide,

And shrieking sea-birds swooping round the steep,
Skim the gay surface of the cresting deep ;
The distant ship as view'd from Komo's cliff,
Seems almost dwindled to a fisher's skiff,
As swiftly sliding o'er the seething surge,
She sinks beyond the horizon's dusky verge ;
While flaming in the painted west again,
" The sun's last splendour lights the dazzling main " .
Lo ! on the flush'd horizon roll'd along
Dark mountain lines of cloud embattling throng,
Mid blood-tipt peaks of fiercest fiery hue
Intensely sleeps th' unutterable blue ;
While gentle Hesp'rus from th' empurpled sky,
Serenely lustrous as repose draws nigh,
Sinks sweetly smiling to her silken bed,
Where gorgeous robes and pillowing fold are spread,
And darken'd Day leaves stretching o'er his grave
Deep crimson stains along the dark-ble wave.⁴

My song has wander'd from the mountain stream,
And Ocean's wonders still employ my dream,
And here the cherish'd image of the brain
In pensive beauty shades the heart again ;
Fond, foolish, fancy, ever hov'ring nigh,
Paints her own idol on the wistful eye,

And breeds an atrophy's insatiate ill,
Which tho' with nectar slaked, is cheerless still.
Oh, for the witching arts of ancient days,
When mortals, oft transmuted into fays,
Were given to guide the streamlet's winding course,
And dwell enchanted at it's bubbling source,
That I an Oread of my love might make,
To bless my steps through hunting glade or brake,
And roam with her where mountain cascades roll,
The guiding star, the Beatrice⁵ of my soul.
But to my theme—the sunny hours flow by,
And still unnumber'd objects please the eye ;
I watch the bubbles in their endless race,
For ever glancing o'er the brooklet's face ;
Oft at some sailing bud there sudden leaps
The finny darter⁶ of the glassy deeps ;
While quiv'ring lillies in the current's sweep,
In dancing movement, ceaseless motion keep ;
I watch the butterflies in giddy flights,
Intensely mad, enjoying noon's delights ;
They meet, they turn, they hover here and there,
Then wildly scatter thro' the heated air.

The sun declines, behind the clouds he steals ;
Loud o'er my head the sudden thunder peals,
And wing'd with lightning, awful echoes wakes
In caves rebellowing to the din it makes—

Dies on the breathless air, the song of birds,
And distant low the homeward wending herds ;
The twitt'ring birds now seek the leafy brakes,
The lofty eagle now his perch forsakes,—
Forth from his castled rock he sudden flies,
And shuns in caves the fury of the skies.
Now heavy clouds o'ershade the verdant plain,
Then on the thirsty earth descend in rain ;
And now the snowy hail,⁷ with rushing sound
Falls from its crystal quarries to the ground.
'Tis past ! the sun, a moment smiles in joy
And rides his parting course without alloy ;
While Zephyrs coy, compound a gentle breeze,
And fan the air, and play among the trees.
Sunk o'er the mount, far in the tinted west,
The hidden sun has now declined to rest ;
And ling'ring twilight, gloaming o'er the hill
Sheds softest influence on the evening still.
I fain would cease, yet many thoughts still flow
Upon my mind, tho' ever waning low,
As when old Ocean's billow-beaten shore
Has echoed to the waken'd waters' roar ;
The o'erflown storm an agitation leaves
That still the less'ning wavelet, on him heaves—
And still these little waves will ceaseless play
As ruling passions ever hold their sway ;

Our primal thoughts will ever flow toward
Their consummation of their own accord,
As fountains, scatter'd o'er a mountain's side
Will still, unto a point, converging, glide,

High on this lofty hill, I sound my rugged shell,
And sweep th' untutor'd lyre ; and should I swell
A strain of feelings purer than I feel
In th' envenom'd world below, and steal
The precepts of the Ethic muse to sing
Of that I practise not, forgive my string.
For still with joy is hail'd the welcome hour
That bears respite from frequent trials' pow'r ;
Forgets the puling prate of fashion's twang
And jarring accents of the city's clang ;
Releases from the weary humdrum prose
That marks each dreary day's monot'nous close ;
Lifts from the sunken plain of low desires
To where Imagination never tires,
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And th'untrammell'd mind beholds all things,
As thro' a stain'd and softly colour'd glass
One views the dream-like trees and waving grass,
And transports where kind Nature oft bestows
A *soothing* cup—nepenthe of our woes—

And tho' the Harp be swept by bard profane,
If good the theme, the song is ne'er in vain ;
For should his simple lay be nursed by fame,
Old Time forgets the follies of his name,
Effaces all the failings of his life,
And rears the strain that softens earthly strife.

And now, farewell !—dark shades enwrap the hill,
O'er dying day the dew's in tears distil,
To shine again when with the morrow's dawn
The silver light and joyous sun are born,
As gather'd tears call'd forth by sorrow's night
In Beauty's eyes, when lit by joy are bright—
The sable Night, with dusky wings on high,
With silent pace invades the spangling sky—
And distant gleaming on th'horizon's verge,
The parting storm rolls out its solemn dirge—
And should this artless strain a thought afford
That strikes in gen'rous breasts a fellow chord,
Then, oh ! forgive, that I thus rashly dare
From Nature's hallow'd charms the veil to tear—
But ever with her changing scenes imbued,
Her pleading beauties urge me to intrude.

Melsetter, January, 1868.

NOTES.

¹Oribe.—A peculiarly graceful antelope of the plains of Southern Africa, of the Gazelle family, and shaped with curious felicity ; of a reddish dun above and white beneath, progresses sometimes by a succession of prodigiously high bounds ; three feet high at the shoulder.

²Rheebuck.—Another South African antelope, with grey curly hair (height three feet six inches), and as active and vigilant as a Chamois Emperor. On first becoming alarmed makes a quick, short sound, between a cough and a bark. (Rheebok of the Dutch ; Ilisa, of the Zulus.)

³Passing Spell.—Dr. Johnstone, who is the only authority I have seen who touches upon the cause of this remarkable feeling (peculiar to some), accounts for it by the following hypothesis—that, at first only half the brain is engaged in thought, while the other lies inactive or absent—the latter is then suddenly brought to bear, and there is an immediate recurrence of the thought. Hence the delusion.

⁴Sinks Sweetly Smiling.—These lines were written some ten years before I had the pleasure of reading Shelleys "Queen Mab." On perusing that delightful poem, I found to my surprise and humble gratification that the great poet had used this same singular sequence of words in describing the setting sun, and, of course, I at once proceeded to uncover for presuming to be coincident with the mighty genius.

⁵Beatrice.—Not Tuscan pronunciation.

⁶The finny darter.—*Byron*.

⁷For description of rain and hail, vide Sir R Blackmore.

STORM IN TUGELA VALLEY, NATAL.



HEN once, at ev'ning's mellow close
The round moon lit the sky,
And all beneath in calm repose
In slumber rapt did lie—

Seated on high upon the steep,
Amid the moonlight glow,
I looked upon a valley deep,
And on a river's flow.

Sudden, across the chasm wide
The heavy thunder growled,
While far below in sullen glide
The noble river rolled.

And now a thousand feet below,
Betwixt me and the stream,
The thunder-cloud with lightning's glow
Obscures the river's gleam.

Loud and more loud, and all about
The echoing hills among,
The spirits of the tempest shout
Their diapason song.

Full in the midst the cloud now parts,
And wars on different sides,
And thro' the gap the light moon darts,
Where bright the river glides.

Tugela, 1868.




THE ROSE AND THE DEWDROP.

TO E.G.



T sunrise once, in time of spring,
When song birds woke the wild woods ring,
I bent me o'er as sweet a rose
As ever smiled 'midst prickly woes ;
And on its breast a dewdrop fair,
Exceeding bright and purely clear,
Lay like a Peri's precious tear,
Reflecting all the colors there.
Strange that a feeling as of pain
Should sudden cloud the heart and brain,
And, 'mid the glittering gladness round,
The mind should thus be shadowed found.
A gentle maiden near me stood,
As silent as she e'en was good ;
I told her I should like to be
A fairy, or a tiny bee,
And dwell upon the roseleaf fair,
Or in the dewdrop quiv'ring there.



She sudden laughed, and quaintly said—
The charming scene had turned my head ;
Then skipped within the family tree
And left me in a reverie.

* * *

Oh, my sweet Muse, my darling Muse,
Who floods my mind with tender hues,
In Life's thick troubles, without thee,
Ah ! where would thy adorer be ?
But if with thee and memory blest,
The abiding treasures of my breast,
I'll laugh the spiteful world to scorn
And joyous be from dawn to dawn :
In thought with thee, I climb thy mount,
Or, stand breast high in Pieria's fount.

Durban, Natal, 1868.



TO GEORGIE. P.P.C.



LAS! dear girl, I cannot write

As once I could have done ;

The soft romance and summer bright,

Of early life is run.

Our days of yore are now no more,

When 'neath our spreading tree,

With converse sweet was blent the roar

Of billows by the sea.

Beneath that tree thou sat'st a child,

And mused there as a maid ;

Beneath that tree were dainties piled,

When Hymen's farce was play'd.

And there thy sainted mother blest

All 'neath her gentle sway ;

Oh sure, if purest spirits rest,

She'll dwell in tranquil day.

But—good-bye, Georgie—I must go,

Across the heaving wave—

O'er the blue bounding ocean go,

Perchance to foreign grave.

More would I write, but my strange Muse
E'en now neglects my prayer ;
She loves not these Autumnal hues
That in this breast appear.

My life is cold, my hopes run low,
E'en passion charms no more ;
Misfortune bows me 'neath her blow,
Still now as heretofore.

And tho' at times in transient gleam,
Love sheds a gladdening ray ;
Stern want obscured the joyous beam,
And chased its fruit away.

And now as silent mem'ry dwells,
On all that's gone and past ;
The joy that was, a something tells,
Was far too good to last.

Then ask me not, oh ! ask me not,
To wake wild thoughts again ;
I'd wish the past to be forgot,
'Twould only give me pain.

Durban, Natal, September, 1869.

THE SAGA OF THE SKALD;¹

CONCERNING

The Death of the Viking.



O! on the high embattled crags, o'er the wild
northern wave,
A lone grey castle threatens the sky, the
cyrie of the brave ;
There on far Scandinavian hills, whose polished fore-
heads frown
With sombre firs in festoon'd snow, their everlasting
crown ;
Where the scant sun, a trembling beam of purest
early sheen
And palest tint of rosy pink, sheds o'er the snowy
scene,
While o'er yon giant western peak, whose profile cuts
the sky,
Softly sweet Luna sinks her horn, nor lingers more
on high ;—

Where in the ambient polar air, a flood of radiance
flames,
And to the climax of the blue a sheaf-like glory
streams—
Refulgent o'er the frozen sea, dread meteors fire the
sky,
And arch on arch, and hue on hue, fantastic blaze on
high ;
While distant icebergs' deep-toned shocks shake the
crystallic plains,
Startling the wastes, where, mute and lone, eternal
silence reigns ;
There in his airy mountain keep, upon that rocky
belt—
The terror of the nations round, the veteran Viking
dwelt.

Here to the hyperborean gale, with simultaneous
droops
The dark green branches' feathery mass, with sylvan
courtesy stoops ;
Anon, aloft with tossing arms, they mourn in windy
groans,
While clust'ring moss in wreaths infold their blue and
reddish cones ;

And underfoot, profusion's self a carpeting has laid
Of yellow leaves and velvet grass, deep in the forest's
shade.

Harmonious there the woodland Muse inspires the
sylvan band,

And dryad, and fawn, and fountain nymph, with
Oread hand in hand,

With measur'd bound, oft dance around, in many a
mazy ring,

While Loves, and Graces, and the Nine, maintain
eternal spring.

Clear thro' the em'rald sunny glade, gold-sands the
streamlet laves,

Bowing the waving verdure 'neath its cold trans-
parent waves ;

And flashing on o'er moss-grown stones with many a
sportive leap,

Anon, again, with smoother glide he nears the fearful
steep :

With fond regret and tardy flow, as if to sigh farewell
He lingers on his flow'ry banks, and mourns thro'
brake and dell ;

Sudden, impell'd by headlong fate, he hurries on again,
And dives ten thousand feet below, into the angry
main.

Hark ! as along the rock-bound steep, the wildly
welt'ring waves
Reverberate among the crags and hoarsely whisp'ring
caves,
His Phlegethonic brethren roar, in endless torture
round,
Torn in the chasm's hideous void by rocks with horror
crown'd.

Here, on the dead and outstretch'd limb of some
gigantic tree,
The monarch of the feather'd world commands the
shore and sea—
With calm serenity of gaze, and “all-pervading”
glance,
Contemplates now the scene below, and views the sky
askance ;
Eyes o'er the wild and boist'rous deep, on swift and
cleaving wing
The movements of his plummy tribe in many a length-
'ning string,—
There, thro' the air the snow-white gulls their win-
nowing pinions wave,
Here, near the shore, the watchful cranes, wading,
intent and grave—

With countless flights of clam'ring crows and lapwings
swift of pace,

Thrive on the boundless magazine supplied by Nature's
grace.

High o'er the rest on quiv'ring wing, th' observant
sov'reign eyes

A pinion'd plund'rer of the deep marking her finny
prize ;

And quickly knows the Osprey's form as balanced nea
the steep,

With fateful aim she hovers o'er her victim of the
deep.

(Instant, enrapt attention lights the eagle's kindling
eye,

With half ope'd wing, upon the branch, he sits pre-
pared to fly ;)

Down like a dart with roaring wings and quick unerr-
ing e'e,

Dashing the surges into foam, she dives into the sea :

The eager eagle's ardent eye now to the deep descends,

And now the osprey soars aloft, her finny prize depends.

Away ! away !—the feather'd king with sudden wing
gives chase,

Swift thro' the whistling air he cleaves, a gainer in
the race—

In countless evolutions now they exert their utmost
pow'r

In space to mount on highest wing, and o'er each
other tower—

In vain, alas ! th' encumber'd bird, no more her prey
can keep,

But drops, with an indignant shriek, the native of the
deep—

Lo ! in the sky a moment poised, an ærial statue
hangs,

Sudden with whirl wind swoop its wing with shrillest
music twangs,

Clutch'd in mid air, the quiv'ring fish thrills to the
clinchng claw, ;

And with the silent conqueror flies towards the
adjacent shore.

E'en as the sylvan graces here adorn the white hill
side,

The maidens of the land appear, in easy, graceful
pride—

E'en as the nature of the ground (high, tow'ring, bold
and wild)

Is the bearing, form, and life of Norre's^a warlike
child—

E'en as the rushing bird of Jove despoils the tim'rous
hawks,

So of his realms the northern chief the yielding Saxon
baulks—

E'en as the lofty firtree tips, to heav'ns blue arches rise,
So does the soul of northern song mount in the azure
skies—

But as the streamlets ling'ring flow, by rank luxu-
riance damm'd

Whirls in a deep and pausing pool, with various
pictures cramn'd,

Forgets his course and widens out, reflecting more
and more,

Till flowing o'er th' obstructing weeds, his tides in
ocean pour ;

E'en so my vision-haunted Muse views difficulties
round,

Lost in a crowd of images—a labyrinth profound—

No more she sings, but wanders round a chaos of ideas,
Which, haply, brimming into rhyme, the sea of
poesy bears.

Hail ! to the land of warlike ships, of battle and of
song,

Where Odin's self the Sea King fires, and wafts his fleet
along ;

Where Gida's charms a chief inspires to roll his conquering hosts
And subjugate each hostile state, on Norre's rocky coasts ;
Whence Albion felt, for centuries two, the distant heathen's ire,
Then owned awhile their martial sway, in Harald and his sire ;
While to far Gallia's centre driven, the trembling Franks withdrew,
Scared by the Norse king, stern Rollo, or as they termed him—Rou.

From Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, roll'd on the Norman flood,
And Frank on Frank went drifting down the welt'ring tide of blood,
There was not left in all the land a castle hall to fire,
And not a wife but wailed a lord, a child that mourned a sire.
To Charles the King, the mitred monks, the mailed barons flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode, the thunder march of Rou.

Oh, king, then cried those barons bold, in vain are
mace and mail,
We fall before the northern axe, as corn before the hail;
And vainly, cried the pious monks, by Mary's shrine
we kneel,
For prayers, like arrows, glance aside against the
Norman steel,
The barons groaned, the shavelings wept, while near
and nearer drew,
As death birds round their scented feast, the raven
flags of Rou,
I'll give, quoth Charles, the ocean coast from Michael
Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind him
fast and sure ;
If he but kneel to Christ our God, and sheathe his
paynim sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles
his lord ;
These offers send, with costly gifts and supplications to
The dread of Europe's fertile coasts, the Norman
line, Rou.
I take the land, the Viking said, unto the herald meek ;
I take the land thy king bestows, from Eure to
Michael Peak ;

I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the
coast,
And for thy creed, a sea king's gods are those who
give the most.
So hie thee back and tell thy chief to make his proffer
true,
And he will find a docile son, and e'en a saint in
Rou.

Meanwhile old Time with 'giant strides, and ebbing
sands and shears
Lopped kingdoms off—set others up—and sped the
rolling year;
Till Norman William (blood of Rou) rul'd Albion's
darken'd isle,
And there the heathen's issue caused the gentle Arts
to smile.
But should the wand'ring bard be asked, why from
the times of Eld
He rakes the embers of a flame, by damp oblivion
quell'd
He'd urge, perchance, the natural plea, that from this
shaggy land
The fountain of his sire's race flow'd forth from
Nature's hand—

Harold Mudadi was he hight—fourteenth Orcadian
earl,

Whose sister Margaret, Melmare won, enchanting
northern pearl,

Son's son was he of Dnnan First of Scotia's sceptered
line,

And thus did he old Norre's spray around his stem
entwine.

But from digression's ample fields recall the wand'ring
theme,

And waft, oh Muse, the subject back from Lethe's
dusky stream.

To that old castle's mossy porch a grim old traveller
came,

Forward he sped and gently tapped, as unannounc'd
his name—

Within the hall the Viking sat, 'midst generations
three,

And loud he call'd, "Oh, enter now, whoever thou
may'st be!"

Soft thro' the silent portals wide glides the old wand'rer
gaunt—

'Fore the old monarch pauses now, and chaunts his
solemn chaunt—

“Come, mortal, come, thy hour has come ; life’s
fountain yields no more :

Come, mortal, come, come sleep and rest, for life’s
poor play is o’er.”

Oh, welcome now old father Death, the dauntless chief-
tain cried,

I’ve past thee oft, yet never quail’d, tho’ thousands
near me died ;

But now thou comest as a guest, and call’st me thus
away,

I come, I come, e’en now I feel the world-worn spirit
stay.

Forth from the rock-defended creek they launch his
war ship now,

He takes his stand upon the deck—old Death usurps
the prow,

His Destiny with front austere, points to the shadowy
realm,

And awful at the painted stern pale Fate directs the
helm.

“Now fire the ship, and quick depart”—the warriors
swift obey—

And out she shoots, a flaming mass, from out that
Northern Bay.

High on the smoke-wreath'd burning deck, in gold and
crimson clad,
Erect the snow-beard monarch stands, and rides the
waters mad ;
'Mid crashing elemental glee, he sweeps his race's lyre,
And sings at once great Odin's praise, and how the
brave expire.

November, 1869

Indian Ocean.

NOTES.

¹ Skald.—Anyone conversant with Northern Mythology and the old Scandiavian Eddas—vide “*Scripta Historica Islandorum de rebus Gestis Veteram Borealiæ*,” will know that their poets were called Skalds. Sagas were histories written by them, or others.

² Norre.—The Danish writers call Norway “Norge,” but pronounce the name “Norre.”

³ Rou.—The lines relating to Rou are taken (with this apology, and some alterations) from a translation from the “*Romanee Tongue*,” by the nervous and Gibbon-like pen of Bulwer *Lytton*.

A GENERAL POEM'

"Still the Poet strives and sings, and hears Apollo's music,
and grows dumb, and suffers, yet is happy."

—EPIC OF HADES.



FROM furthest north where meteors paint
the air,

To furthest south where snows eternal reign ;
From reddest east where flames th' passionate sun ;
To the flushed features of the wanton west ;
From heaven's high arches to the chequer'd earth,
The whole, the wond'rous whole, I vent'rous sing.

Idol of Light !—Supreme primeval Good,
Who, with the sun and moon and glitt'ring stars,
Mad'st in their rolling harmony the fount
Of music, which worshipp'd was in strains
Sabæan, which sung the " Host of Heav'n "
(Ere Egypt's and Phœnicia's magic lore
Were darkly mix'd on Grecian plains of yore,)
And woke th' Homeric harp, and loudly sung
Tha fall of Chaos, oldest of the gods,

When Thy awful voice, startling th' abyss
Of "whirling gulphs and phantasies of flame"
Demanded "Light," and light there instant was
O'er all the dreary void; assist me now,
And may "Urania's choir divine unfold
Verse suited to my wild imagining;"
Or, grant that I, with Japet's daring son,
May rear mine own ideal in verse-like shape,
And snatch th' immortal fire from on high
To kindle all its latent energies.

Heav'n-born Genius!—tho' sophists here declare
Thy light can never shine but by the fuel
Of classic wisdom and her motley schools.
Away!—the spark by heav'n given, will beam
If destined to, without the feeble aid
Mankind in overweening pride may add;
And yet I fain would seize the loftiest strain
Of gifted bards, and let its numbers fling
A rainbow halo o'er my stricken lyre.
To sing the visioned themes that oft will rise,
Till thro' rapt ears and eyes I deeply drink
The mingled nectar that by these is brew'd;
Brewed from the blending tinctures of the bow,
Fused in the ardent floodings of the strain,

And feel this potent bev'rage of the gods
Has bred a holy madness¹ in my mind.
So waft the spark an instant into blaze,
Before its earthly tenement decays,
When, doubtless, joying o'er its sever'd chain,
'Twill break into a purer flame again,
As bursting thro' its worm-born chrysalis
It spurns its clogging mould, and freely soars
Beyond, where matchless rolls the orb of day.

E'en now a vision gleams, as thro' the air
Colossal Genius sweeps the sounding strings,
And peals the notes of crashing harmony.
With daring hand I grasp the mighty harp
My reverend Master lends—a moment fired,
Take up the chaunt, prolong the star-born tones
Whose wild vibrations wail among the wires,
And ring along the charmed and silent air.
But soon, alas! th' unwonted theme o'erpow'rs
This trembling hand, that hushed by terror, fails.
But yet, oh Pow'r, bestow a lofty strain,
And mete thy footsteps to thy suppliant's stride:
Exalt this vent'rous eye to general themes
Of Life, and Music, Ocean, Earth, and Air,
And give close converse with the wond'rous works
Which, with their Maker's mighty self commune;

Give me unnumber'd tribes and realms to scan,
From tow'ring Himalaya's cloud-capped peaks
Which, from their glacier'd solitudes look down
Where midway stops the condor's highest flight,
To where Euphrates from Armenian wilds
Rolls o'er the level land his brimming wave.

Lo ! from the North Adrastia's awful son,
'Mid darkest clouds with reddest lightning-winged,
Shaking with thunders deep the aërial halls ;
With scorpious armed, and madness in his breast,
Fate in his eye, and vengeance at his heart,
'Fore countless hordes sweeps to the trembling south.
(Confusion's self as herald flies before)
And, nerved from high, diverts the river's course,
And passing, with resistless fury bursts
Upon the heart of proud Assyria's realm.

Hurl'd to the dust the "kingdom's glory" lay,
And low upon the icy pavement died
"The Beauty of Chaldea's Excellence ;"
And' sooth the words of Heaven's lofty bard,
Oh, thou that dwellest on the num'rous streams !
Chaldea's daughter !—sinks silent into dust—
The star-gazing astrologizing seers ;

Those potent pow'rs desert her utmost need,
Oh where, oh daughter, are they now ?—behold !
Destruction's bosom sweeps thee from the globe,
Lone desolation o'er thee spreads her pall ;
The silent bittern-waded pools o'erflow
Thy pleasant palaces and stately walls ;
A wonder, and a hissing shalt thou be ;
'Gainst thee the Persian waves Jehovah's sword,
And lops for ever from Euphrates' banks
The remnant, name, and vestige of thy pride.

Low is the mighty now—for ever low—
And 'mid her ruins the vulture rears her young ;
Her desolate mounds and subterranean caves
Re-echo to the desert dragon's roar.
Dread, doleful creatures in her courts recline,
And, where the Satrap dwelt. there dwells the owl ;
The raven and the cormorant keep the tow'rs,
And grisly satyrs haunt her empty halls.

“ God made the country, and man the town ”
Sang Nature's bard, and sooth the poet sang ;
Zion, Atlas, Ararat, the Palatine,
Still tow'r unchang'd by warfare or by time.

But where the crowns that awed the trembling
tribes?—

Rome, Carthage, Nineveh, Tyre—all are gone.
Thus men and cities pass away—oft'times
The worst remember'd longest; as behold,
Sanguineous Nero's fiendlike deeds still live
Along th' historic page, yet fresh in mind,
While dull Oblivion rolls his namesake's fame
In buried tomes denied to eyes of men,
Nor tells th' unequall'd march and warrior deeds
Achiev'd by Claudius,³ when on Umbrian sands
He, sudden, 'twixt the Punic brethren reared
The bristling wall of Rome's resistless arms;
And, with five hundred hundred foes, bestrewed
Metaura's banks, and stained blue Adria's wave.

And so in mind Antonius' loves still shine,
And Brutus' murd'rous deed; for so it was
What'er the erring sophists cry, who sing—
“ Oh, Liberty !” or License—(oft' the same).
What ! could no other villain hand be found
But that which strengthen'd by his sire's slayer⁴
Imbrues its clutches in close friendship's gore ?
So goes the world—such fill the mouths of men.
But mighty Cæsar won the wreaths in vain ;

The triple wreaths of warrior, statesman, scribe,
And high orations bays with these encrown'd
The Hero of a thousand fights and towns ;
The moulder of his nephew's prosp'rous reign,
Who ruled, a king, but never donned the name ;
Increased his realm, bedew'd the flow'ry arts,
Shut Janus up, and reaped his uncle's grain,
Liver honor'd in the blazon'd scroll of fame,
While Cæsar dies beneath a tyrant's name.

Behold the Sea !—old Ocean's wide expanse
And endless charms pass we not lightly by ;
Lo ! where on bold Orcadian cliffs he wars,
Discoursing to the blue-eyed Northern child,
And preaching to the craggy solitudes ;
Where tempest-born in body and in mind^b
The fair-haired offspring of the Orcades,
Nursed by the legends of his land's romance,
Still gazes o'er his loved and watery home,
The giant comrade of his pensive moods ;
And oft' perchance, in wild advent'rous sport,
With Saxon's sails, who ken right well I ween,
The hardy daring of the ocean born,^c
And spears the whale upon his native deep,
And borne thereon to many a distant clime,
Still ne'er forget his native time-worn crags.

Or view the blue, where in more Southern climes
It heaves and sparkles 'mongst the Eastern isles ;
With gentle murmur rippling on the shore,
Where spicy groves and saccharine fields and palms
That load the fainting air with soft perfumes,
Nod rankly verdant 'neath the blazing sun :
Or, mildly swelling in the peaceful bay,
Its lucid waves scarce sway the brilliant mass
Of many color'd coral, where the Naiads
And other sisters of the chequer'd deep
Repose their graceful limbs, and deck the halls
Where jealousy entombed pale Hero's form.7

Or, in mid-ocean, view the giant waves
That gath'ring from the far Columbian bounds,
Gain speed and body 'fore the settled wind
To roll unbroken on th' Australian shores ;
Tossing the lonely wand'rer of the trackless wild,
And in the midnight storm from out the gloom
(Like some fierce beast that marks his prey, and stops
A moment 'ere he makes the fateful spring),
Rolling and crashing on th' unhappy bark,
While heaps on heaps the clouds are tost along :
Loud and more loud the gath'ring thunders burst,
Dark, and more dark, the inky blackness grows ;

Large, and more large, the awful surges roll,
In watery mountains to th' incumbent sky ;
Lo ! for a second, as the lightning gleams,
The gallant foam-enveloped lab'ring bark
Hangs pausing on the briny slope, while fierce
Thro' the straining shrouds the tempest howls
In concert with the Demon of the Storm,
Who shrieks and wails, and laughs with horrid glee.

But violent passions are the soonest spent,
And doubly calm the soft re-action comes ;
Morn breaks, and rolls the angry clouds away,
The sun burst glorious from his azure screen,
And all day long the less'ning waters roll,
Till Sol's effulgence robes the parting day ;
And clearly pure and beautifully clear,
With mild pulsation heaves the softly fair
Cerulean convex of th' hesperian deep,
Suffused with rainbow hues and brilliance by
The Glory and the brightness of the sky.

Look then abroad thro' Nature, and behold
The myriad spheres gyrating in the blue ;
The boundless ether, where th' illustrious sun
Breathes forth the spirit of the ambient day.
The round and yellow moon—the harvest queen !—

Crown of the fair and dusky-sandal'd night,
Whose midnight robe is brightly spangled by
The pure, serene, and silent stars on high ;
Look from these to softly blending seasons,
To mountains, lakes, rivers, the dews, and flowers ;
Studding the banks where laughs the viewless stream,
'Neath vap'rous clouds that silver all the leaves,
Which steam and drip beneath the sun's hot rays,
And vainly droop their little palms to hide
The nect'rous fruit on branches shooting gold ;
And see at once in these the heav'nly form
Of Beauty, as she stands refulgent in
The radiance of the ambient air ; and lo !
Where 'neath the long soft sweep of wavy braids
And sweet o'erarching brow that slightly shades
The silk luxuriance of the downy lash,
Devotion's soul exhales from violet eyes—
Love's soft ideal, without his sensuous taint—
The face that ev'ry true-born Son of Song
Essays to sketch—essays, alas ! in vain :
The page may glow indeed with features fair
And dear to look upon, but *It's* not there ;
The indefinite *It* that haunts the poet's brain—
The spirit, essence, soul, and sense of all
That's lovely, holy, pure, austere, sublime :

The dream that ting'd the Tuscan's mind and led
His steps from hell, and sent him back to earth
To wear away with its intensity—
'Tis all too sacred for the artist's daub,
And e'en the Muse's page—and dwells for aye
In the deep cistern of her vot'ry's brain,
But gleams enough to make his pen run wild
With longing aim to grasp the sweet ideal,
And snatch a feature when the Peri peeps—
Serenely calm ; expression brightly brims
From orbs where speaks the high seraphic glance,
While, strangely blent, a shade of eloquent woe,
Haunts the deep mirror of their liquid hue
(Like Luna imaged in a placid lake) ;
A face all goodness, peace, and innocence ;
The darling angel of our midnight dreams,
Whose lovely sadness taints our day ones too ;
And, tho' as bright as hues that span the storm,
True Nature moves her painter's heart to dip
His brush in woe !—his life's inseparable tinge—
And then—Apelles like—adore his sketch.

Indian Ocean,

November, 1869.

NOTES.

¹ Holy Madness.—“Pleasures of Hope.”

² A magnificent writer somewhere says of these mighty birds :—
 “Upon a chain of mountains, whose summits lifted above the highest clouds, are robed in snows coeval with creation we find a race of birds whose magnitude and might compared with others of the feathered kind, is in something like the proportion of their huge domiciles to earth’s ordinary elevations. Above all animal life, and at the extreme limit of even Alpine vegetation, these birds prefer to dwell, inhaling an air too highly rarified to be endured, unless by creatures thoroughly adapted thereto. From such immense elevations they soar, still more sublimely, upwards into the dark blue heavens until their great bulk diminishes to a scarcely perceptible speck, or is altogether lost to the aching sight of the observer. In these pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thundercloud—regions which may be regarded as his own exclusive domain—the Condor delights to sail, and with piercing glance surveys the surface of the earth, towards which he never stoops his wing, unless at the call of hunger.”

³ Claudius Nero.

Pompey, who killed Brutus’ father, afterwards supported Brutus.

⁴ Tempest-born in body and in mind,
 Nursed by the legends of his land’s romance,
 The gaint comrade of his pensive moods.—See “The Island.” *Byron*.

⁵ The Orkneys were, and still are, the source of a ready supply of hardy and efficient sailors.

⁷ Hood, I believe it is, says that the above nymphs, being jealous of Hero, dragged her down and drowned her as she was seeking for the remains of Leander, carried her away, and buried her in Ocean, somewhere in the south.

DEATH IN SOLITUDE.

[Upon Mr. Nation—an Australian Explorer—being found dead
in the remote northern bush of Central Australia.]



HE eucalyptus waves on high,

And in the sunlit air

The joyous birds are darting by,

All free from thought and care.

Yet awful silence reigns around,

No homely sound is heard,

The magpie, even, droops his wing,

And seems an altered bird.

The silent river flows along,

Unrippled is his breast,

All nature smiles in hushed repose,

Unbroken is her rest

* * * *

Oh! I have trod the desert oft,
I've wandered all alone
And felt that feeling coming down
Upon me like a stone.

An utter sense of loneliness
A midnight of the soul,
Deserted sense of solitude
Beyond the mind's control.

* * * *

The silent river flows along,
Of neighbouring streams the king,
The wild duck tucks her drowsy head
Beneath her painted wing.

The sluggish current scarce doth more
Than nod the feathery head
Of the fragile reed that grows along
The edge of the river's bed.

But hark! discordant on the ear,
From the gum tree's topmost bough,
Comes the croak of the carrion crow
As she eyes the ground below.

And what is on the ground below ?
Oh ! brother, quickly now
With reverence lift the blanket from
That cold and clammy brow.

* * * *

Far in the gumtree shade he died,
No mortal soul was there,
He drew the blanket o'er his head,
And knew that Christ was near.

* * * *

Oh ! what the whisper of the tree,
As he lay beneath its shade,
E'er lingering Death, with scythe and sand
His grim appearance made ?

In joyous health 'tis drear enough
To know the deserted pang,
But in dark moments such as these
Deep strikes the feelings fang.

* * * *

At last the kindly strangers come,
And o'er him branches rear,
The dark grey rocks they then upbuilt,
And humbly said a prayer.

Then happily, in beauteous thought,
One carved a cross o'erhead,
And left the Christian's emblem there
To mark the lonely dead.

* * * *

The scene is still the same—the sun
Is sinking o'er the hill—
But on that cross his glory falls
To light that lone grave still.

Adelaide,
July, 1874.



VENUS AND VICTORIA.

(UPON THE ANNEXATION OF CYPRUS IN 1878.)



REAT Queen, who rulest in thy people's heart
As Cyprus' Queen reigned o'er her many
loves.

Cyprus ! fair jewel of the blue Levant,
And now resplendent in Victoria's crown, —
Oh deem not harshly if the dreaming Muse,
Fleeing from faces dull of present hour,
Fly to the visions of the teeming past.

Many times have changed, and peoples passed away,
Since first Phœnicians in thy valleys strayed—
Since Cyrus, scattering all the petty kings
That swayed the forests of thy mystic hills,
Gave place, Demetrius, to thine iron rule—
Ptolemy the Swart, then the Romans next,
Saracen, and again the Roman lord—
Richard the Lion, and Lusignan name,

Until the tottering Turk, with strength relaxed,
Dropped from his nerveless grasp thy fertile fields.

And long the years since first the Cyprian maid
Gazed at her rival (o'er the wide Levant),
Neath whose dusk feet the "soft Triumvir fell
And lost the world for woman's (splendid) eyes."
Pelusium at the Nile's Pelusic mouth,
The key of Egypt, and the nucleus spot
Round which the vortex of all battles raged
In ancient times—and here th' Assyrian lord
Strove with Egyptian, Roman, Grecian bands—
Here, when died the conqueror vain, who wept
For lack of other worlds to subjugate,
His followers fought like thunder o'er his spoils,
Till Ptolemais swayed th' Egyptian shore,
And Seleucus seized th' Assyrian vale.
While Antigonus and Antipater
Ruled o'er the distant Macedonian lands,
And o'er the Minor Asia held the sword,
Till Nilus, monarch of the northern streams,
Transferred his course to Damietta's mouth—
And Pelusium now in ruin lies,
And Time, corrosive, melts this iron key.

But where is Venus?—Venus, sprung from froth—
When Uranus, cast down from heaven by Jove,
Fell bruised and mangled on the Cyprian rocks?
And so in modern times 'tis still the same—
All Venus votaries put their faith in froth—
When woman vows to love for aye and aye,
She means three weeks—exactly to a day.

Lo! as old Dizzy nears the pearly strand,
Cypria's rites proceed among the the groves,
For there her votaries bring the milk-white goats,
And on the flower-decked Parian altars pour
The due libation of the sacred hour,
And milk and wine, and richest honey shower
In rich profusion o'er the vernal sward,
And here the victim of proud Paphia's art
Festoons the myrtle round her conquered brow,
And pensive follows in the length'ning train.
Fair isle, where Caraminian breezes blow
On cheeks of lovely women in the vales,
Where olives and the shadowy mulberry tree
Shroud the due rights of universal love.
“Ad vinum fæminasque” sang the poet,
And “wine and women” echoes from the hills—

Cinyras (father of Adonis) said

“ Here let me build a city place of love,
And Paphos be its name”—and here the Queen
In after years sprung forth, and here they reared
A lovely temple of a hundred shrines,
Redolent of rich myrrh and frankincense,
And so beloved of Pluvian Jove that ne’er
His showers within its precincts loved did fall.
In thy embrace thou held’st the Dardan joy,
And the haught mistress of the humpbacked god.

Basilea ! Queen of Love and many gods,
Divine Praxiteles, in sculpt’ring thee
 (“ Glowing and circumfused in speechless love ”)
Reeled from the task in love’s delirious joy,
What time in sweetest modesty thou hid’st
Thy charms, as well th’ immortal statue shows.

Philommedis ! thou queen of laughing loves—
Area ! strong in arms as mighty Mars—
Verticordia ! to virtue tuning love,
And the Apaturia of soft deceit.
Oh Libertina ! for thy many loves—
Marina ! born of the deep dark blue sea—
Apelles’ Anadyomene fair,

Fresh from the bosom of the heaving wave,
Whose waters, streaming o'er thine ivory neck,
Steal down thy peerless bosom's whitened wealth.

Lucifer and Phosphorus of rosy morn !
Hesp'rus and Vesper of the dewy eve !
By Zephyrs wafted from thy mother main,
The Seasons placed thee on thy sunny isle—
Thou Jove repeller ! he, in horrid spite,
Linked thee for ever to his blacksmith son,
Whom abhorring, thou link'st thyself to Mars,
Oh, naughty matron ! till thy husband swart
Inweaved you both in his immortal net,
When " unextinguished laughter shook the skies ;"
And oh, disgrace ! by Phœbus to be caught—
And Alectryon, whom thou put'st on guard
To watch the gay Apollo's proud approach
And warn thee of it, did'st not do thy 'hest,
And so was turned into a crowing-cock,
But whom, of neglect still daily mindful,
Proclaims the coming of the gallant Sun.

Farewell, oh Queen, who shunned th' Olympian height
To meet Adonis—bless Anchises' sight,

And on high Ida's peak to Juno lent
Thy Cestus for th' entrapping of great Jove,
Blazing thy beauties on the Phrygian boy,
Who rolled the apple to thy naked form.

Alas for Priam ! Juno's deathless hate
Gave Paris to the blooming Helen's arms,
And drenched in gore the Hellespontic strand,
While old Æneas shro' the Trojan flames
Bore old Anchises on his conscious back.
Thou worshipped of Aspasia ! (not Cyrus'
Mistress, but of good Pericles the dame.)

Paphia ! of many titles, as of loves,
Thy reign is o'er ! bid Cupid yoke the doves—
A glorious light is breaking o'er ! thine hills ;
The Nereids see thee dying and they weep ;
The Oreads and the Dryads make their moan :
From mountain peak a mighty shout breaks forth
As o'er the waning crescent flames the Cross.
Christ's Vice-Regent, our honoured lady Queen,
With Christianity invades thy shores ;
With shining sword and breastplate drives away
The dear delusive dreams of other days ;

And sends her faithful henchman, Beaconsfield,
And Garnet Wolseley with her battle axe
To float the Union Jack upon the breeze.

* * * *

The word is sped—they hasten to obey,
And Queen Victoria reigns in Venus' grove !

Adelaide,

September, 1878,



ISANDHLWANE.



THE Morning Star, studding the front of day,
Gleams on the distant wave in lambent
play,

' And on the Indian Ocean brightly flings
The lovely hues that stain the wild bird's wings :
Fair smiles the slumbering earth beneath his rays—
There's nought abroad, unless some zephyr plays.
But hark ! the sound of booming bittern bird
Or rumble of an elephant is heard.¹
It is the martial hum of thousands borne
Upon the listening ear of silent morn ?

* * * * *

Now high and paling in the flushing sky,
Where the red bands in molten silver lie,
Bold Phosphor, herald of a coming fight,
Serenely gazes on th' unwonted sight.
Here in the West where grass the highest waves,
The muttered buzz of countless Zulu braves
Alarms the ear, as hoarsely-breathed commands
Run thro' the waking and barbaric bands.

There to the East the sentry's measured tramp
Is heard along the scattered British camp,
Which, washed by rain and brightened by the sun,
Gleams like the bayonet on the sentry's gun,
And dots the carpet of the vernal lea
Like snowy crests upon an emerald sea ;
While close at hand, a sling's throw to the west,
A giant crag uprears its awful crest,
Which, soon to bellow with the cannon's boom,
Frowns darkly on the sons of pending doom.

* * * * *

Oh ! hearts of British mothers ! Harrowing scene !
Where late the dews impearled th' enamelled green
The death-shriek sounds, as rush the Zulu host
Upon the forces of th' unlaagered post.
Drunk—maddened with the steam of bloody splash,
The yelling savage, with a sickening clash,
Sinks his keen weapon in a mortal part,
And bursts the life strings of another heart !
Bellona roars, and raves in Battle's surge,
And 'mid the tumult plies her reeking scourge ;
Death's horrid bird, whose shadow sweeps the green,
Screams as he wheels, and revels o'er the scene,
And whirling round in many a circle there,
Drinks with deep draughts the smoke-wreathed sul-
ph'rous air.

Oh ! fearful odds ! The awful work goes on,
And, dying hard, full many a Briton's son
Fights to the last, and when no foe is found,
He cheers his panting comrades all around,
And back to back, the ammunition done,
He plies the steel upon his empty gun.
In vain, alas ! he sudden sharply cries,
And Death's drear shadow darkens o'er his eyes.
The war-worn man, of many a foughten field,
Piles up the dead, and scorns to sink or yield,
Till giant foe, the piercing point to fend,
Hurls a dead comrade on the bayonet-end.
Then comes the last—he drops from out the line—
Death rattles in his throat—he falls supine.
Brave to the bone, with martial fever mad,
Falls the “ short service system ” raw-boned lad,
To arms untrained, no power within him lies,
A martyr to a system bad he dies.
Here fell—hard fighting 'gainst their cruel lot—
The sons of Shepstone, Moodie, and of Scott ;
And here the Native aids in Britain's cause
Died warring to uphold Natalia's laws.
Bold Melville and his friend the Zulus braved,
And charging home, Victoria's colours saved,
Nor paused for breath till on their Sovereign's soil
They ceased the labours of their martial toil.

Then, bleeding, breathless, dead to all around,
They stretched their limbs on Britain's happy ground,
And bowed their heads, and nobly died to gain
The standard they had saved from captive stain.

* * * * *

But lo! the star hath hid his conscious head
As Afric's sun glares fiercely on the dead;
And high upon the crag's embattled crest
Th' expectant vulture takes a moment's rest,
And, gloating on the dreadful scene below,
Croaks with foul beak his fatal note of woe.
With wings outstretched, he sits prepared to sail
With whistling pinions o'er the vivid vale,
And when the murderous work is fully sped
With drooping talons swoop upon the dead.

* * * * *

Fast fall the troops along the British line,
Tho' many a black is cloven to the chine,
Here Pulleine, Durnford, Anstey, and the rest,
On honour's niche imprint their lasting crest,
While Stuart Smith, the bravest of the brave,
Sheds deathless glory o'er his looming grave,
And scorning flight, stands to his precious charge,
Nor leaves his guns in Zulu hands at large,

But e'en as home he drives the spiking nail,
The stabbing weapon hurls him on the vale.
Th' exulting foe, with hoarse resounding cries,
Spreads slaughter as the scattered army flies,
And as the westering sun drops lingering now
The parting horde descends the eastern brow.

* * * *

And now on high fair Dian's silvery sheen
In midnight silence walks the blue serene,
And, softly sparkling on the distant sea,
Looks sadly down upon th' ensanguined lea :
There, lying stark beneath the Moon's cold beam,
Lies many a corpse, as in a peaceful dream.
A strange, dead calm, with nothing to intrude,
Reigns o'er this scene 'mid Nature's solitude.
A desolation weird and silent still
Sits brooding o'er the awful vale and hill,
The ghastly dead lie thickly spread around,
The Zulu spear has silenced every sound ;
Nought now is heard saving prowling jackal's cry,
Or hooting owl on solemn sentry nigh.
And when the column of the soldier lord
Recoiled against the river's rapid ford,
They laid them down at midnight 'mongst the slain,
And when sweet daylight broke on them again,

And shewed the horrors of that gory glen,
Deep choking sobs, n'er heard before till then,
Broke from the breasts of bearded veteran men,
To find their comrades stabbed like sheep in pen.
There lay the friend whose hearty grasp at dawn
Had cheered the soldier when he marched at morn ;
But now that hand, in Death's cold grip enchained,
Clutches the grass with crimson current stained ;
Affection's eye, which beamed but yester morn
In kindly feeling at the farewell warm,
Now fixed in vagueness, with dull glazing dyes
Appeals in muteness to the pitying skies.
There lies, as if in sleep, in very sooth,
The nestling figure of a tender youth,
Done to an early death by Zulu spear,
The waving verdure shrouds his body there ;
No mother's hand or sister's fondness nigh
"To hush the groan of Life's last agony."

Adelaide, 1879.

NOTE.

'The Zulus named one of their principal military kraals
"Umgungunhlovu," or the rumble of the elephant—an
allusion to the buzz of the warriors.

OH, COME TO ERIN'S AID.

[WRITTEN IN AID OF THE IRISH RELIEF FUND DURING THE
FAMINE OF 1880.]

"But the greatest of these is charity."



HO' gone is the glory of Grattan,
And hushed is the music of Moore,
Shall dear Erin perish unaided
While abundance abounds on this shore?
Ah, no ! from the rich store of Musa
I'll hazard a delicate quill,
And nerve my poor hand to a duty
With a hearty but venturesome will.
Earth's riches, alas ! I possess not
But my treasure I humbly submit,
And fling o'er the altar of Erin
The result of inadequate wit.
But to make her present dejection
Contrast with her glories of old,
I'll fly to the legends of Ossian,
And sing of her warriors bold.

* * * * *

Lo! on the mighty mounds of Morven old,
Where now the green and heaving billows beat
On the far shore of Antrim's rocky coast,
There Fingal, son of Ossian, stemmed the tide
Of living valour from the Danish shore.
When car-borne Swaran, off his mountain crags,
From Lochlin bounded o'er the dark-blue waves.
Ah, there Cuthullin, shield of Erin, fell
In Tura's halls (the Giant's Causeway now);
And where he fell, there rose the song of bards.
On Lubar's stream they stretched the hero's limbs,
And hung his shield within the Hall of Shells.
Four grey and grass-grown stones still mark the spot
Where Oscar, Ryno, and Cuthullin fell;
And blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast of shells,
While ride their spirits on the storm-cloud's crest.
And here the fiercest son of Fillan fell,
Beneath the fatal hail of Death's hot shafts.
And e'en as 'neath the solar dreadful darts
A tender flower bends down its languid head,
So, leaning breathless on his dripping brand,
The bloodless brow of Fillan droops to earth.
And "Hang my sword i' th' empty hall," he said,
"And raise the song of bards when I am dark."
Then, eagle-winged, his spirit mounts the blast,

And floats with seabirds on the rushing wind.
And ever and anon his restless form
Arises o'er the roar of angry clouds,
And, mingling with the tears of melting storms,
Smiles sadly thro' the rainbow's painted arch.

And sing, oh, Muse ! the many martial deeds
Of Erin's sons, at home, and o'er the wave.
At Fontenoy, where wavering bands of French
Blanch'd at the cannon roar of Cumberland,
Th' intrepid Catholic band, in firm array,
Turned the full tide of fortune on their side :
When " Cursed be the Laws " said Guelphic George,
" Which rob my crown of subjects like to these."
When Brien Borohone and his " Dalgais " boys
In five and one score battles beat the Danes,
And found a warrior's tomb on Clontarf's Heath.
It was beneath old Brien's god-like sway
Religion, honour, virtue flourished so,
That a fair maid, in costly sheen bedecked,
Unarmed and 'fenceless, nought but wand in hand,
Walked through the kingdom scatheless and alone.
When bold MacDonnell, under brave Montrose,
Led his small band of Irish heroes forth,
And crowned the Gael with wonders of success.

And that same spirit ruled the bands of Louis,
When from Slane Bridge, across the ensanguined Boyne,
They flocked in thousands to the Gaelic King,
And ranged themselves as soldiers 'neath his flag.
"Look," said the King ('twas thus that Louis spake
To leader fierce of Erin's bold brigade),
"Of all my troops within the tented field,
Your Irish do me most harass and plague."
"Sire," said the Chief, with soldierlike salute,
"Your Honour's in'mies say the very same."

And tell, oh, Muse! (before with thoughtful step
We speed to where poor Erin in distress
Streams o'er the emerald turf her golden hair)
Resound the deeds of Monarch Malachi,
Who, glaring sternly in the battle's van,
Lops with his own strong hand two Danish chiefs,
And like a lion, with a refluent stride,
Bears their gold collars to his cheering band.
And tell the prouder deeds of "Red Branch Knights"
Near the abode of "The Sorrowing Soldier,"
Who long before the dawn of Christian day
The Sunburst's mighty oriflame unfurled,
Or by the holy Briget's quenchless flame,

Or by that dreadful lake " whose gloomy shore "
Saw Kathleen drowned by callous Kevin's Saint,
Say, how the fairies in the fields at dusk
Saw horrid goblins in the gloom and dread
Of Donegal's dark lake, which dreary spot
Contained of Purg'tory the dismal mouth.
Deep fearful glens and rugged mountains here,
Frightful and strange, with rocks by horror crowned,
And hollow murmuring of the western winds,
In ghastly caverns where the screechowl breeds,
Sighed hoarsely to the wildly weltering waves—
All which are peopled by the busy mind
With things fantastic, and strange shapes and forms.

And, in the weirdly Legend of the Lakes,
Tell of " O'Donohue's white horses " pure,
That cresting come across the blue expanse.
Again, in spirit quaff the fiery mead,
As Danes do now, from out the " Corna's " mouth.
Then, as of eld, in wild unearthly blasts,
In fancy sound it o'er the ruined land,
And tell how erst in Erin discord came,
When Deabhorgil, spouse of proud O'Rouarke
(And first sad source of Ireland's many woes),
Did leave her liege (of Breffin's Land the Prince),

And with MacMurchard (King of Leinster's realm)
Did fly for safety to old England's King,
And thus, alas ! brought Saxons on the land.

Oh, Woman ! from false Eve to Breffin's dame,
Thus has it been, and ever will it be,
As faithless Helen and the dusky queen
For whom the Roman lost the World's great prize,
And scores besides, will very well attest—
E'en Erin's Desmond lost his heritage
For love of Kate MacCormac's glancing eyes.

And show what horrors spring from dread demise
Of Touran's and old Lear's warlike heirs,
What time the cruel Conor (King of Ulster's lands)
Betrayed to death old Usna's valiant sons.
Red hung the cloud of vengeance round his head,
As sweet revenge on tyrant's power was wreaked,
While Ernan's glories faded from the land,
Until the bards (as e'en they erstwhile did
Betwixt the furious Finn and Morni's son)
Shook the dread " Chain of Silence " 'mid the hosts

Oh, Erin ! thy soil's charm is just as great
As that of Isles of Barons proud, of Forth,
Which, as 'twas said, by some attractive power
Drew down from heaven the overflying bird.

Thy sons are as witty, and warm, and brave
E'en as thy maids delightful are and dear.
And tho', with Saxons, 'tis just as good as death
To love thee, as 'tis treason to defend thee,
Yet, for the nonce, I'll risk the praiseful blame.
Thy native Shamrock and thy ancient Creed,
The first in freshness and the last in strength,
Still flourish side by side ; and I would tell
How in the legends of thy land's romance
They were so strangely blent. Saint Patrick says
That by this green trefoil he well explained
To pagan ears the Trinity. And now,
As Memory dwells upon the pictured past,
She points to Hope's fair statue 'mongst the Greeks.
Fair as a fairy's dream the picture stood,
And there the heathen artist had pourtrayed
A lovely child, on highest tiptoe stretched,
And holding in its little dimpled hand
The same old Shamrock in a trefoil shape—
The same old plant that points the triple charms
Of Erin's sons, their valour, love, and wit.
And Moira's Countess tells a quaint old tale,
But beautiful withal. How one fair maid
Was by some great supernal power transformed
Into a spotless swan, and was condemned
To wander forth for many hundred years

O'er Erin's lonely lakes, until the dawn
Of Christ's great power, when over hill and dale,
The primal sound of masses' bell should ring,
And re-create her into human form.

* * * * *

Lo! where on Erin's land gaunt Famine stalks,
And thro' each stricken household grimly walks—
See the poor mother with her ghastly child,
In her bare home that once with plenty smiled—
Some chance has blown a morsel near her door.
She strives to reach it—struggling o'er the floor.
In vain, alas! the enfeebled limbs decline;
Death rattles in her throat—she falls supine—
And the poor child, with Famine's silent stare,
Falls down and dies where now no men appear.
Awake then! brother Christians, oh awake!
For God's, Religion's noble Duty's sake;
No duty could the holy Jesus find
Higher than feed the hungry and the blind.
Come one and all then, let us stir our hands,
And set the example to our sister lands.
Let's show Religion's not a hollow name,
But on her primal axiom build our fame.

Adelaide, January, 1880.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

MIDNIGHT, 1880—1881.



LL silently, bedraped in trailing garb,
And shrouded in the sable shades of night,
With solemn pace the Old Year stalks away
And sweeps the threshold of the sombre Past.
Farewell, old friend ! and tho' thy reign is o'er,
And youthful Hope usurps the car of Time,
Tho' bright and beauteous be the lovely boy,
Amid the garlands of the coming year,
And, like a star o'er dark-rolled waves at night,
Throws a long gleam athwart thy shadowy realm,
E'en yet, oh Seer ! while all the busy World
Bestows no thought but on the Future hour,
Let me, with thee, in all subdued delight,
Dwell in the dreamy valleys of the Past.
What tho' the Sun of Hope in brilliance sheds
His glories o'er the Future's fairy fields,
Humbly I'll walk with thee where Sorrow's Moon
In midnight silence walk the blue serene,

And where the myriad silent stars appear
To charm the chastened vista of the Past.
What tho' frondescent in the Future year,
The bursting verdure decks the smiling earth,
Yet still, Old Year! I'd choose to roam with thee,
Like Dante with his Virgil, thro' the groves
'Neath which th' autumnal treasures of the Past
Lie thickly strewn—where softly tinted leaves
All mutely plead for notice as you pass,
And gleam with richly painted breasts, and thus
Remirror in the matrix of the mind
A thousand mellowed thoughts that had gone by.
'Tis said "All is uncertain 'neath the Sun,"
But yet, oh Paraclete! thy kingdom stands
Eternal in petrean posted Past,
The waves of Violence and Accident
In vain roll on—they cannot change the Past,
Nor can we by weakness, e'en should we choose,
Forego one single item of thy power—
Not awful Fate herself can wrest from thee
A single moment of thy changeless reign;
But Memory's harp and long-vibrating wires
Shall seem to haunt thy dusky corridors,
And, like a "long swept wave," come rolling up
To present hour thro' portals of the Past.

But lo ! on mountain peak the Seraph Hope
All joyous waves his sunny wing, and points
To where the Young Year's charms before him lie.
Fair is the scene, as thro' the golden gates,
Aurora, blushing from her saffron bed,
Admits the glorious Sun, her bridegroom lord,
With whom she dallies e'er he sallies forth
To wake to music all the slumbering Earth ;
To spangle on the cobwebbed emerald lawn,
And flood with fire the dew that trembles in
The chalice of the violet and the rose,
And glistens on the crocus-cropping fawn.
Up the fair valley float the silken clouds
To lightly break against the mountain shafts,
As part the waves before the massive prow.

And now, impelled by purpose high, and nerved
By hardy Virtue's adamantine will,
I (albeit most unworthy, and inmeshed
In shackling toils of adverse circumstance)
Take up the Seraph's chaunt, prolong the tones
That stir to lofty thoughts and noble deeds,
And resolutions fraught with charity :
That bid the earthly spirit cast its slough,
And leave its chrysalis with Father Time,
And soar on high with aspiration pure.

Behold ! the Seraph bids thee lessons learn
E'en from the natural charms before thee spread.
To look thro' these, and look to learn to live,
And dare, oh Man ! be great, and greatly good ;
Nor with the taint of thy oft erring clay,
Obscure the radiance of thy deathless soul,
Which—with the effulgence of bright Nature's hues,
Is the spirit of Heaven's Eternal Lord !



WELCOME.

[WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A VISIT TO ADELAIDE BY THE
ROYAL PRINCES ALBERT VICTOR AND GEORGE IN 1881.]



SONS of the Son of England's gracious Queen,
Warmly to welcome ye from sea borne shell
We stretch the ready hand. All doubly hail !
Happy the kindly chance and smiling hour
That stamped your footprints on our sunny strand,
And sped ye to our State, which nestling in
The fair embrace of circumambient hills—
That dip with gentle lapse in southern sea—
Lies open and devoted at your 'hest.
Scions of the blend of Europe's mighty stocks !
The Stuart's courage, and the Teuton's strength,
Long may ye dwell on God's delightful earth,
Or brave the cresting of the long-swept wave.
And thou ! the elder of the princely pair,
With joyous youth still flushing on thy brow,
And lighting up, by Hope's fond aid, thy eye
With bright Expectancy—full welcome take !

Quadruply art thou blest, as in thy face
The gallant graces of old Denmark shine,
Transmitted by thy *mere*, who deep enshrined
Full in the giant nation's kindly heart,
Cements, with equal sway, the genial bonds
Which link thy parents to our common cause.
And still, oh Prince, Affection loves to scan
In thee the traces of thy Sire's fount—
Thy much-loved granddam, and of Albert, Good—
So as when in these climes the Sun has set,
Or lingers o'er the sea, yet still at times
The fading glories tinge the eastern hills
And shed their splendour round each rising star.
All hail, dear youths ; What tho' the time's awry
And lurid lightnings play in lambent gleam
Along th' horizon of the Future's murky realms,
While " Suffrage " antecedes Tuition's charms.
What though with all vexatious vigilance
Of legislative lynx, the even course
Of Justice is distraught by peevishness
And Persecution's paltry pettishness,
Which stamps the dotage of the Pessimist ;
What though weak vacillation in this age
With flaccid hand drags Honour in the dirt,
Whilst troops paraded in the rebels' ken,

Are powerless to act, but gnaw the lip
As indignation tingles every nerve,
And manly brows are crimsoned with deep shame—¹
Yet Britons will arise ! to blot the page
Which want of firmness opened to the world,
And common-sense, that Anglo-Saxons wealth
Will mould the rulers to the Nation's will ;
While Liberty ! not License ! is the cry
Of Albion's scattered sons, who rule the waves,
And point their cannon from the nations' gates.
" Defence and not Defiance " is the word,
Till grouped and moulded in quadruple realms,
Rich India and the Australasian lands,
With North Columbia and South Afric's strand,
Four solid States o'erruled by princely Dukes,
Will shine, like gems, abroad, and firmly weld
Old Englaud's mighty Empire 'neath a wand
Of drastic virtue in Victoria's hand,
While loud the keynote rings from federal shores,
My God, my Bible, and my noble Queen."

NOTE.

¹ The signing of the Boer Convention by Sir Evelyn Wood, 1881, as dictated by the Gladstone Ministry.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

[AN APPEAL IN AID OF THE ADELAIDE ART GALLERY.]



THRONED on the swelling uplands' emerald
sheen,

That slopes with fair decline to Southern Sea,
Th' Australian farinaceous city stands.
There 'neath the golden glory of the Sun
The staggering swain 'neath teeming Ceres bends,
And Merchant Plutus holds his venal reign.
Behold ! prolific o'er the smiling land
Pactolian altars rise. The groaning trains
From many a sunlit down, with shrieking cry,
Fly to the distant port. The portly steers,
Full many a thousand strong, with cautious steps
The hillside climb, and o'er the valleys low.
And here the milk-white lamb, in sportive mood,
Skips nimbly round its bleating woolly dam.
Full Plenty spreads—and Cornucopias grow
With rank luxuriance on their cupreous beds.

On every hand the schools of Commerce spread
Utilitarian o'er the State, and lo !
Where hot and stalwart in the glowing forge,
The anvil ringing to his ponderous stroke,
Mechanic Mammon toils. Here to the fields
The boisterous teams and eager schoolmates hie,
With hit repellant of the bounding ball,
Some wield the willowy bat, or rougher still,
In mimic warfare kick the leathery sphere,
And maim th' opposing leg, while tost on heaps,
And grappling at the hair and straining throat
The panting victims lie. Here ready ranged,
In keen and eager expectation mute,
The balanced racers toe the appointed mark,
Till at the word, they vanish o'er the turf.
Here cleaving through the crystal of the lake,
Or boldly breasting o'er the briny wave,
With head erect, and sinewy cordage set,
And clashing to the stroke, the lusty youth
Pursues his watery way.

Nor be it mine,
In carping strain to thwart each manly game,
And check the healthful glow in ruddy cheeks—
And least of all the swimmer's cleanly art ;

For well the " Seasons' " Poet hath averred
That from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
But while, oh youth ! Herculean forces spring
Responsive from the well-trained arm or leg,
And brute-like conquer in th' athletic strife,
Uncultured lies the Mind. " The Mind, the Mind !
The living fountain which itself contains,
The beauteous and sublime." Oh, then, awake !
Our men of ample means ; on you devolves
The pleasing task of planting in the heart
Of " Educated " youth the priceless germs
Of all the higher arts, which start to life
The sense of beauty lurking in the dross,
And wake the strong divinity that lies
Neglected in th' uncultured soul. And oh,
Presumptuous deem not ye the aid of one
Unworthy in himself, who nath'less strives
To aid in such a cause—who casting off
The world-worn slough, or clogging chrysalis,
Would be what all of us would be, if freed
From tortuous toils of cumbrous circumstance ,
And drinking deep Piera's fount, debar
Distracting discord from th' enraptured sense
And hail the Heaven-born Muse of Poesy

To lead you to her charming Sister Grace
Of Painting fame ; and she, oh worthy band !
Will lead ye to her fane so lately built,
And ope'd by Princely hand, and point to where
Th' unsightly spaces gape along the wall,
And mutely plead. 'Tis hers to start in youth
The "light and sweetness," of the sunbright mind,
Which basks and revels in the varied scenes
Of florid Earth, and loves the tender hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, the evening sky,
Or flush the azure brows of tumbling waves.
Like purest pearl, within its radiant bed,
Truth lies in Painting and in Poesy,
And quickens into life the dullest soul.

One morn along a noble mountain side,
In fair Arcadia's realm, stern Pluto strode :
On grovelling thoughts intent, his rolling eyes
Unconscious scanned the rubies at his feet.
In vain, unfolded to the ravished sight,
The fairest sylvan scenes around were spread ;
In vain the flashing of the rising Sun
Lit up the drops upon th' enamelled sward ;
In vain the distant little circling Moon
Hung o'er her shadow in the deep blue lake ;

All these were nought to him. In greenwood bower,
Hard by at hand, amongst the tangled ferns,
The Queen of love observed the gloomy god
Ignore the charming scenes she loved so well,
And bade her dimpled boy direct a shaft
With sense of beauty tipped, and wound the King.
Dark Pluto felt the dart, and, for a while,
All Heaven itself was opened to his eyes,
And straight his ebon mind became like flowers
With sunbright hues and chequered sprays of green,
And roses bright with pearls of glistening dew.
E'en so, our thoughtless boys would ever rise
Superior to their present selves, if ye
The roll-call honoured veterans of the land,
The South Australian pioneers (whose list,
Alas ! shows many a dreary black-ruled line)
Would likewise prick them with young Cupid's dart,
And bring them where they'd feel the limner's Muse
Subduing all the grosser mind and soul,
And charming all the loftier, brighter sense.

Nor let the vaunting youth whose blatant tongue
Proclaims no kernel on his vacant head,
These sacred truths profane, and emulate
Th' ungenerous dotage of the acrid man

On whose sharp face Protean Nature's stamped
The mark that brands the puling pessimist ;
The moral mildew of whose mouldy mind
Begrimes with blots the sunlight of the soul.
Ah, no ! but ever nobler pleasures seek,
Of elevating tone, nor scorn to learn
From me, or any other scribe of ethic strain,
Poor sinner though he be. The ancient bards
From rough and rugged scoops of stringèd shells
Poured forth Eolian music o'er the lands,
Which still to present age comes floating down
On waves of wild undying melody ;
While busy Memory, like the hiving bee,
Lucessant stores her chambers with its sweets.

What though the teeming marts (where Cynic sage
Declared men met to cheat their fellow-men),
Usurp the greater portion of thy time ?
The Graces claim the rest to charm the sense
By glimpses thro' kaleidoscopes of mind,
While happy youth, engaged in converse sound
With fellow youth, or sacerdotal friend,
Or happier still, from high-souled maids inhale
The pure refinement of the female mind,
Attune themselves to paint the falling wave,

The crimson glory of the sunset sky,
Or lofty hills in sylvan beauty clad ;
Or, with the Poet, build the stately rhyme,
And cleave Imagination's radiant skies,
Whilst Euphonie, the youngest, beauteous Grace,
The music-loving maid, enchants the ear,
And weaves her oft-recurrent burden through
The general theme with diapason deep
And rich harmonious pomp.

Victorious thought !

Not vaunted gold, or proud Oppressor's sway
Can wrest from Man the music of the mind.
'Tis this ! 'tis this ! that gilds the careworn thoughts
As when the Sun, behind dark banks of clouds,
With silver radiance tips their jagged edge.
With Schiller's Jove I'd give the world away
To Kings and Merchant Princes (and the wine
To swell the chubby Abbot's generous stock) ;
But to the Poet thus I'd say, " Ne'er heed,
My Son, thou'st lost by coming late, but more
Than earthly joys thy musing soul shall know."
She'll teach thee still to lightly look upon
Cruel calumny ! unmerited reproach !
" The Janus glance, with silence trained to lie,"
And all the petty darts from paltry minds.

And now 'tis meet the Muse should decorate
The brows of those, our worthy citizens,
Who here (and at the broad and briny stream
Where roll the ships upon the tilting tides :
Or, blotched and battered by marauding waves,
Sleep calmly when the "fitful fever's o'er,)"
With generous ardour nurtured Learning's cause,
Or, 'tended kindly to frondescent Art :
And nobly spared from fruits of honest toil,
And, all alike, from coarse display of wealth,
Parade, or vulgar ostentation free,
Gave largely from their pile. To them are due
A southern nation's thanks. For as of late
Victoria's Regent said, the noble mind
Outshines the titles of patrician fame.

Now dimly droops the rushlight's flickering flame,
Which lit the spirit of the eyebright mind,
And warns to pause. But yet proceed, oh youth !
In Nations' Industry to scan the stores
Prolific in Profusion's Temple piled.
And in your local Exhibitions see
Th' æsthetic reached by all the rich display
Utilitarian Commerce heaps along
*The groaning boards. Learn then, my youthful
friends,*

(The good old Book in hand) to bear in mind
The words of Job, late read by parson Dove,
“ Oh where, oh man ! is wisdom to be found ?
Her value sinful mortal knoweth not ”
Remember well the good old sterling Book,
Whose laws have stood the test of countless years.
Egeria's fount, and Numa's boasted lore,
Must pale before the sheen of purity,
And spring of fruitful knowledge found in it.

Yes, go my friends, before you close your eyes,
To view the beauties of the “ Fine Arts Court,”
And see the faithful limner's well-drawn traits ;
The Clouds, the Sea, the Rivers, and the Hills,
The storm, the Lake, the nestling rustic cot,
Where purrings loud of fireside soft content,
The inmates cheer. Yes, ponder well on these,
Thro' Nature look, and view her chastening charms,
And see the transcript of our common God ;
And *if you read aright* you'll truly see
That Nature's scenes, from sea to highest peak,
Are but gradations in a beauteous flight
Of steps, which lead to heavenly halls, and where
The Christian gains his crown of Amaranth.

By genial aid of gentle Poesy
These flowerets of the heart are gathered in
A bouquet book, and then, in time, returned
In fragrant essence to the Deity
Who erstwhile lent them, and of whom they are
A simple, but a pure and lovely part.

Adelaide,
July, 1881.

NOTE.

'Prince Albert Victor opened the Adelaide Art Gallery.



CANTATA.

[Written by request of the Promoters of the South Australian Exhibition of 1881, and set to music by Professor Meilhan. and sung at the opening of the Exhibition.]

INTRODUCTION—ORCHESTRA.

CHORUS—



O ! all around in richest stores
The varied wealth from distant shores,
The kingdoms of the earth combine
To beautify their Sister's shrine ;
Which testifies their common fame
And celebrates their Maker's name.

SOPRANO SOLO—

O welcome to our sunny strand, bright sisters of the
globe !
O well ye come when Nature fair puts on her greenest
robe ;

When 'neath the rays of cheering Sun, amid the
landscape mild.

Our golden grain and cupr'ous ores appear in radiance
piled.

CHORUS—

Lo! all around in richest stores
The varied wealth from distant shores,
The kingdoms of the earth combine
To beautify their Sister's shrine ;
Which testifies their common fame
And celebrates their Maker's name.

SOPRANO SOLO—

From every land, from every clime, is varied treasure
brought,

Full rich appear the Sisters fair, with horns of plenty
fraught.

Here Art with Commerce hand in hand with Manu-
facture hies,

And linked in joy, serenely shines beneath cerulean
skies.

RECITATIVE OF BASSES—

But we, rememb'ring all is Thine,
Our earth, our gold, our corn, our wine,

The voice of praise, with grateful soul,
Lift up to Him who made the whole,
 So loud our voices rise,
 In incense to the skies,
And upward roll, yes, heavenwards roll.

CHORUS—

O God ! the Universal King,
Harmonious peace and plenty bring :
Behold ! the nations throng to see
The shadow of Thy Majesty.

CHORAL MARCH—

And whilst the lands with one acclaim
Show forth the glory of Thy Name,
Look downwards from Thine awful Throne
On us who all Thy wisdom own.

Adelaide,

July, 1881.



FLOWERS IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

[A happy thought, suggested by one of a name somewhat to the purpose—Miss Rosetta Coronel, Head Mistress of the Model School, Norwood—who had offered her pupils prizes for floral designs and bouquets, with a view of forwarding them to the Children's Hospital.]



LL pale and silent in the sick-room ward
A puny orphan lies in languid state,
Yet scarce restored from Fever's blighting sword
That hung impending o'er her cheerless fate.
Nor nurse she needs beside her oft' to wait
And smooth the pillow for her little head ;
The airy room is neat to contemplate,
Rich nourishment is seen beside her bed,
And kindly souls in town have other fancies fed.

Yet, still, the yearning little spirit craves
It knows not what, but, all unconscious, dreams
Of father's smile and mother's love, and raves
Awhile with wandering gaze, and fondly seems

To stray again beside the parted streams
 That flowed around her parent's happy home,
 Where, dew-clad in the early sunlit beams,
 The flowery rainbow fragments seemed to come
 To wake the gentle thoughts by Heaven bestowed on
 some.

She seemed to see the loved verandah nook,
 O'erarched with creeping plants of many a kind,
 Where, rosy-cheeked, she'd scanned some picture-book
 Or to her doll had turned her pliant mind,
 In quaint old-fashioned style ; where, close behind,
 The little dame demure had deftly placed
 The mimic workbox filled with little tools,
 With which the hem of kerchief still she laced,
 Or Lilliputian front or bodice staidly faced.

But drear and listless, on the window-pane,
 Where fly still follows fly in endless train,
 Her eye in vacancy is fixed again
 As utter blankness supervenes its reign.
 Again, and oft', her inclination's fain
 To scan the paper's pattern on the wall,
 Or count the knots upon the counterpane,
 While, ticking loudly in the desolate hall,
 With weirdly monotone the clocks the seconds call.

But now, behold ! by tender thought imbued,
 - Awide each window's thrown athwart the wind,
 And gladsome flowers, in varied vases strewed,
 On every sill their pleasant places find.
 At once the charmed perception of the mind
 Drinks in the cheerful sight the eye conveys—
 The patient sees, and Memory, ever kind,
 Brings back the blessed scenes of other days,
 And Heaven itself on all her grateful senses plays.

Then, fearless of the venal world's coarse sneer,
 The Muse would here bestow her warmest praise ;
 To Flora, and her votaries, altars rear—
 Divine instructors in affliction's days.
 The flower that from the rotting seed we raise
 Is of the Resurrection emblem true—
 From clammy earth it springs to charm the ways,
 Like mortals when they pierce the heavenly blue
 Are robed, 'tis said, in purer raiment, bright and new.

Adelaide, South Australia.

October, 1881.



ADELAIDE TO VICTORIA.

[UPON THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN
IN 1882.]



BELOVED Queen ! whilst from the scattered
lands

The conscious wire transmits spontaneous thought
Of dire distress, and all that love commands
Of tender care and every feeling fraught
With true solicitude ; oh hear—distraught—
The strain of anger, horror, and of shame
At craven deed by wretched stripling wrought.
Deeply the namesake of brave William's dame¹
Deplores the horrid act that brands the dastard's name.

But mingling with the dread Orthian strain
(The diapason of the Nation's wrath)
Thy distant daughter breathes a glad refrain,
And wafts it o'er the waters rolling north.

In joyous pæans she sends the measure forth,
And symphony of sympathy inblends
For safe escape from vile assassin's wrath.
From one and all thy loyal daughter sends
Congratulations to the Queen who right defends.

Oh, Queen ! while round the roar of nations rang,
Peaceful I sat amidst my corn and sheep ;
But when alarm the dreadful tidings sang
I woke in fear as from a pleasant sleep.
Within our Thespian domes the news did creep,²
At once we rose, impulsive, up on high,
And instant from a thousand voices deep,
There came an outburst and a hearty cry,
“ God save our noble Queen, Her Gracious Majesty !”

And on the morrow—on the day of rest—
Our Pastors spoke upon a much loved scene,
And pointed to a woman 'mongst the best
Of daughters and of mothers, and a Queen
More just, more wise, than Queen has ever been—
Ah, then, we owned resistless force doth lie
In spotless woman and in righteous Queen,

And once again we chorused heartily,
“ God save our noble Queen, Her Gracious Majesty !”

Adelaide,
March, 1882.

NOTES.

¹ Adelaide.

² The news reached the Governor of South Australia whilst in the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, and, upon the matter becoming more generally known, the performance was stopped, and the orchestra struck up the National Anthem, everybody present heartily joining in. This was on Saturday Evening, and the same loyal hymn was sung in all the Churches next day.



A SUNNY MORNING'S SONG.



H ! Glorious God of blue and sunny skies,
Who, throned in sapphire and in purest gold,
O'erlooks the beauties of this florid earth
In holy transport at Thy noble work,
Where bright, fresh, verdant fields and dew-bright
trees,
Whose rain-washed sheen the feathered songsters sing,
All join to force mankind to worship Thee ;
Where, 'neath the treble rainbow in the cloud,
Lo ! the great wave comes heaving to the shore
Ere yet, as surging high, it booming falls
In true poetic motion on the strand ;
Where Titan trees run sheer into the sky,
And heave their bare and polished stems without
A budding branch for fu'l a hundred feet,¹
While far above, in pure cerulean airs,
They nod, with graceful droops, their lofty plumes :
Or in the stirless, moist, and morning air,
'Mid sunny smiles, on tip of topmost bough,

The tender shoots hold up their tiny hands
To Heaven—a pleading hint to us below ;
Or where the clustering and the mirrored trees
Hang o'er the bosom of th' enamoured lake,
Whose flower-fringed shores reveal the dripping fawn
That thro' the dew has brushed his cautious way,
And, crocus fed, has come to slake his thirst
(Narcissus-like, to love his shadowed form).
Or where, away upon the maddened deep,
The straining bark rolls helpless on the waves
That sportive toss her to th' incumbent sky,
Or drop her in the awful watery vales
Between the streaming hills of charging waves
Which, storm-lashed in their rearing agony,
Blow on their driving spray from crest to crest,
And thunder forth their mighty psalm to Thee.
And when the troublous dawn has come again,
And flash of white bird's wing a moment gleams
On th' ebon foldings of a growling cloud
With reddest lightning winged, and which anon
With oft' redoubling blast and howling shriek
Falls on afresh upon the battered ship—
Ah, then ! th' exulting son of Nature feels,
To inmost core of joy's vibrating heart,
The diapason elemental glee,

The holy horror, almost demon joy,
Of crashing Phlegethons of undine strife,
Chanting in tones congenial to his soul,
Orthian strains of horrid harmony :
In which, withal, the heart will worship Thee
As well as in the strains of " piping peace,"
Which sing of moonlight calm, where silent flows,
Beneath the blue serene, the gliding stream,
With wildfowl hiding heads 'neath painted wings.
Dear God ! 'tis strange that sinners such as we
Should be permitted to appreciate,
And even bask among Thy glorious rays,
Which prompt to cast away one's clogging self,
And chant straight on in thoughtless innocence,
Like joyous bird that sheer for sunshine sings.

Adelaide,

July, 1882.

NOTE.

¹ A Gumtree on Mount Bawbaw, Gippsland, Australia, was known to have stood 520 feet high ; the first branch being at about 100 feet.

AN AFRICAN REMINISCENCE.



ULL oft' I dream that on old Afric's plain,
On sprightly steed I scour the wild again ;
There, as with lively sense of winning mirth,
With inward smiles I cleared the cristate earth,
My bounding buck-hounds coursed along the way,
And bayed and gamboll'd round my bonnie bay—
With smoking nostril, and with wild'ring eye,
And quiv'ring ear that quail'd and quick'd on high,
With tossing mane, and many a furtive bound,
He swept along, and spurned the painted ground,
While the bracing breeze of early summer's air,
Whisked o'er the waving verdure springing there,
And chased along the cold and bright blue sky,
The silver clouds that sylph-like sailed on high.
So speeding o'er the azure liquid lea,
Some snowy ship swift skims some sunny sea—
Now bending low, now bounding to the skies,
Wild o'er the waves the winging wonder flies.
There, from the crags, the soaring vulture kind,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind ;

The dew-fraught fawn beneath the damask dawn
Climbs the green cliff, or crops the croceous lawn.
But leaving these for Ocean's distant roar,
I wing'd my voyage to the Austral shore,
And gained this port where fast my vessel rides,
And calmly sleeps upon the tilting tides.
These—these the thoughts my lonesome moments know
While “pleased Remembrance builds delight on Woe.”

Adelaide, March, 1870.



TO EMMY.

(WITH SOME IVORY TABLETS.)



S on some drear and barren shore,
All in the trackless wild,
Surprised, a traveller spies a flower
Where ne'er a flower smiled ;

So when on Emmy's artless face
I fixed my conscious gaze,
O'erjoyed, I found each pleasing grace
Congenial to my ways.

In friendship, then, accept this mite
I give in honest part,
Thy name upon the tablets write—
Its copy's on my heart.

Port Adelaide,

September, 1870.



VALENTINE.



LIKE the eagle, joyous in sunlight,
Struck down by the far-reaching dart,
Sees his own feather has guided the flight
Of th' quivering steel in his heart.
So I see Love, the delicate feather,
Nursed warm on a nourishing breast,
Like a viper snatched from snow weather,
Turn stinging its place of warm rest.

Adelaide,

February 14, 1880,



AN OBJECTION TO POETICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.



N prompt obedience to the Muse's voice
I bare her blade, and very much rejoice
That to my lot it falls to purge the land
Of tuneful pirates and their kindred band.
Oh, sons of trade ! now list to good advice,
Resign the Muse, and nip your growing vice ;
Go, sell your slops or patent leather boots,
Umbrellas old, or anything that suits,
But spare the Muse, nor prostitute her page
To bartering doggre's desecrating rage.
The sacred Muse, to sylvan haunts endeared,
By founts Egerian oft' to man appeared ;
Or calm reclined by clear Clitumnus' wave,
To Nature's sons full oft her fire she gave,
And purest joys, from lucre far apart,
Instilled into and gave each feeling heart.
But to all venal and fanatic din
'Tis sacrilegious shame to drag her in.

In star-born tones she sings of knightly deeds,
And all that to the path of glory leads,
But not of boots and slops, and flour and jam,
And other wretched things not worth a damn.

Adelaide, 1872.



JUVENILE SCRAPS.

N I O B E.



O ! the proud Queen—the living 'mongst the
dead,
'Neath Heav'n's sad stroke inclines her
graceful head.

When by the blast of fell Latona's ire
Quick, one by one, her matchless sons expire,
Pierced by some viewless hand from out the cloud
Apollo spreads the spiteful deed to shroud ;
In vain, with bitter moans and piercing cries,
She seeks at least *one's* pardon from the skies,
Th' indignant God, his mother's rites profaned,
Still fast and faster fateful arrows rained.
And silent stood amid the corpses there
The mute un murmuring image of despair,
Till pitying Jove transformed to Parian stone
The form that still weeps on —and weeps alone.

Melsetter, Natal.

V A L E N T I N E

TO KATE.



MARK ! the doves are gaily cooing,
Birds of Love are gently wooing ;
So love arise, and come with me,
Beneath the shady forest tree.

I'll tell thee of a legend old,
Concerning Valentine the bold
Who taught coy maidens what to do
When courted by their lovers true.

* * * *

Aurora lifts her radiant veil,
And softly lightens o'er the dale ;
And trembling fair the early beam
Gilds the mountain, rock, and stream.

When moving o'er the dewy plain,
A fair young maid and thoughtful swain
Are smarting 'neath delirious barb,
Discharged by Love in Friendship's garb.

Their course they bend to yonder wood,
Where dwells the vot'ry of the hood ;
'Tis Hymen's priest they go to seek,
To Hymen's priest they fain would speak.

The Saint beheld them wend their way
Towards his dwelling ever gay ;
He guessed their errand with a smile,
And gently stroked his beard the while.

"Children of Earth," he calmly said,
"Ah ! whither do ye early tread,
And why avert your modest eyes,
And why, oh why, those awful sighs ?"

"Father," the stripling here replied,
"A wondrous feeling dawns inside,
To thee we come for needful tact,
Oh, Father, teach us how to act."

He bade them watch the little doves
Exchange their happy thoughtless loves,
When bill meets bill, and eye meets eye,
While roguish Cupid flutters nigh.

They learnt the modest lesson well,
And new emotions gently swell;
Within a week the Saint they seek,
And there the words of union speak.

Then charming girl the lesson take,
Ah, do for goodness gracious sake;
And we'll be doves, with white kid gloves,
And live for aye inseparable loves.



To F——. In Album.



COULD I with adulating strain
Inspire the lyric muse,
Nor gods nor men would see the gain,
And I my labour lose.

Oh, Flatt'ry's arts I need not bring
To aid my truthful flow ;
'Twere vain, indeed, for me to sing
Of that the glass will show.



To N——. In Album.



WHEN on a fair and leafy tree
Some wand'ring mortal carves his name,
The attending nymph shall start to see
Th' intruder on the fields of Fame.

So in this pretty little book
I trembling drop my vent'rous name,
On which, when thy dark eyes shall look,
“What wond'rous cheek,” wilt thou exclaim.

To G——a.




AREWELL !—tho' snapt the loveliest chord,
And hushed the strains of Love's accord ;
Yet Harmony with ling'ring wing,
Still breathes around the trembling string,
And dying tones, when they expire,
Return and haunt the murm'ring lyre.
Oh ! could I dwell for ever more
On some far, wild, and lonely shore,
And wile the dreamy hours away,
In list'ning to the wild waves' play,
Mingling with the low sweet moan
Of the Eolian harp's sad tone,
That rings upon the rock on high,
To Ocean's breezes sweeping by ;
And muse for aye with these and thee,
I then, perhaps, at rest should be.
Oft' as the wind in fitful springs,
Starts softest music from the strings,
Thus wakes the mind the gentlest chords,
On Memory's ever-sounding boards.

Fond Memory !—Mother of the Nine,
Tho' Hope has flown, thou still art mine,
I still can call thee all my own,
Sweet fruit of happier moments sown,
And man, and malice ne'er can blast
The sacred treasure of the Past.



THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

TO GREENHORNS.

 EER Mauch's all well I dare can tell—
But don't you go a digging ;
The Tetse bites, the nigger fights,
And thieves are always prigging.

The Lions growl, the Jackals prowl
All round about the wagon ;
And when, poor soul, you seize the bowl,
You find an empty flagon.

And sleep at night you cannot quite,
There's such an endless squalling ;
Mosquitoes sting, Hyenas sing
In human laugh-like brawling.

The Zebras bound o'er shaking ground
In many a wild stampedo ;
The Blesbok too, and sportive Gnu
Make noise as much as they do.

'Fore break of day you must away
To reach the doubtful water,
And if you're not a steady shot
You ne'er a buck will slaughter.

So my advice to *Greenhands* is—
Don't—don't meddle with the gold ;
But stick to steak and Peel's mild make !
And thus you'll ne'er be sold.

And those who go—I hope they know
The lingo of the Doppers ;
Their customs too, 'twas well you knew,
To shake them by their floppers.

With stolid stare, your head to bare,
And answer to each query ;
From whence you hail, to where you sail,
And if your mother's cheery.

In Kafir *kraals*, looks out for squalls ;
Elope not with the “nieces,”
For if you do, the act you'll rue
Among the Makateses.

'Mid upper blacks you'll want an axe,
For there there's more than one tree ;
And gifts a few you'll carry to
Umziligazi's country.¹

And now, good-bye, I hope you'll try
With crowbar, pick, and hammer,
To soften down stern Fortune's frown,
And if you can't, why d——.

Natal, 1860.

NOTE.

¹ Often, and erroneously spelt "Moselekatse." This famous "Lion of the North" revolted from the Zulu King Dingaan, taking with him an entire regiment of 1,000 warriors. A strong force sent after him were set upon in ambush and massacred to a man.



To F——. In Album.



H, if the tinge that softly flows
Upon thy sunny cheek,
Were but to touch my wit's repose,
I then, indeed, would speak.

And as it is, I ne'er had writ
E'en this beneath thine eye,
Had not its glance my dulness lit
And drawn forth this reply:—

Thou look'st away!—lo! all is dark,
My Musa drooping lies;
And wav'ring Reason mourns the spark
Eclipsed without thine eyes.



TO MAURA. In Album .



FAIN, dear girl, would write a line
To catch thy fickle eye,
But subject fails this pen of mine
Unless my Maura's by.

Bend o'er me then, while I apply
To thee my best endeavour ;
But no—'twere best I did not try—
Alas ! I'd write for ever.



THE BLUE CONVOLVULUS.

~~~~~

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs,  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."—*Byron*.

~~~~~



H, for the flow of some celestial strain
To sing the bud that holds its short-lived reign
In chequer'd shade, when, 'neath the rosy morn,
The nec'trous dew's impearl the enamell'd lawn,
And, fresh from dripping founts of heav'nly bow'rs,
Flash on the trembling trees and tinted flow'rs.
"Oh, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,"
Comingling colours streak the th' enchanting hue ;
Soft velvet bands of glowing purple fringe,
Flow faintly mixing with that dark blue tinge,
Like some rich tenor in the choral throng,
Harmonious blending with th' inspired song.
The silv'ry dewdrop on its downy breast
Refracts the sunny rays that on it rest—
Mingling with those its own bright colour throws—
A kaleidoscopic scene of bright repose !

Ah, fitting emblem of the dawn of Life,
Ere Childhood's bark hath swept the seas of strife,
Soon will the with'ring breath of fiercest day
Blight thy fair cheek and chase thy joys away,—
And whirlwinds rude and wintry blasts of rain
Strew thy young charms upon Oblivion's plain.



THE SOUL.



HERE sits the Soul—the Empress of the
mind ?

Mankind have asked, and yet will ask in vain ;
For she—methinks she dwells nor here nor there,
But wavers 'twixt the heart and active brain—
The brain for wild imaginations joys
She hies into, and therefore brightly beams
In happy rays from out the dancing eyes—
But when, as fate to mortal oft' decrees,
A sadden'd tone floats mournful through the frame,
And mounts in humid breathings to the eyes ;
Then flies she to the lonely heart, and soothes
Her quiv'ring consort, who has quickly felt
In unison—mysterious—with the brain,
The sudden clouded change from joy to pain.

Where flits the Soul when slumber wraps this clay ?
Mankind have asked, and yet will ask in vain :
Methinks she visits still the absent ones,—
To fond remembrance ever wildly dear,

And soars to happy realms beyond the Sun,
To ev'ry thought and ardent wish endear'd,
Then earthward fleeting with the morn of strife,
Regains her clay and starts it into life.

Melsetter.



TO BESSIE.

~~~~~

**H**E who hath placed him on the bowsprit's joint,  
Where bracing clasps secure the riding point,  
And marked beneath the vessel's bounding bows,  
As thro' the swelling deep she straightly ploughs,  
The smoothened parting with the curly fringe  
She cleaves thro' flowing waves of sunny tinge,  
Must think, I ween, e'en envy must allow  
Of clustering locks on Bessie's bonnie brow.

To M——.

(AN ANSWER TO A KIND QUESTION.)



ACCEPT my thanks, my gen'rous maid,  
 For that kind offer lately made ;  
 Nor deem me thankless that I stay'd  
 To answer offer kindly made—  
 For some poor mortals of my mould  
 Can ne'er in fitting time be bold,  
 For feeling oft' the tongue has chained,  
 When words and words we could have rained  
 On some fond subject of import,  
 In which, perchance, we have been caught—  
 Oh ! like Heav'n descending dew  
 On Afric's sands of burning hue,  
 Is that kind aid by woman tender'd  
 In fitting time and season render'd ;  
 For who beside has that sweet tact,  
 That knows exactly when to act ;  
 Such was the aid thou offered'st me,  
 Which I accept thus thankfully.  
 The message then—but, oh ! why ask  
 Of me the unnecessary task—

Tell her—tell her—but, oh ! thou'lt find  
Enough in thy kind woman's mind,  
To tell her all that I could say  
Where I to speak to Judgment Day ;  
Oh ! follow then the promptings kind,  
Of thine own gen'rous feeling mind,  
And it shall plead so well for me,  
That love shall be eternity.



## THE MESSAGE.



~~~~~  
SOFT as the impulse of a gentle wind,
Dear as the arms of love around us twin'd,
Sweet as the strains of music in our sleep,
That wake unwonted feelings wild and deep—
Lone as the mateless dove whose wings ne'er rest
From ceaseless hov'rings o'er his pillaged nest,
Loved as all these, all wildly dear to me—
Is that sad hour that brings the thought of thee !

To M——.



HERE'S many a sight that dims the eye,
There's many a grief that breathes a sigh,

There's many a pang the lip will rue
When tortur'd in its bloodless hue.

There's many a thought the brain will sear,
And many a word that stuns the ear ;
But none, oh, none, will boom upon
The mind like heartless, hopeless—Gone !

Farewell to those deceitful arms
That claspt me oft' in winning charms,
As some fair creeper twines around
A plant, but chokes the life it found.

'Twere better for thy peace to share
Fond Echo's feelings of despair,
Than thus to love, and thus to stray,
And fling a faithful heart away.

The tie is snapt—but yet I ween
A viewless texture waves between,

And never tires thro' right or wrong
To speed th' electric thoughts along.

Yes,—thou art gone in fickle pride
Across the distant prairie wide,
And oft', perchance, will smile to think
How ruthlessly you broke the link.

But when as gath'ring Ev'ning shades
Are mantling o'er the silent glades,
A sadden'd tone its way shall find
Into the sanctum of thy mind ;


Then suddenly the tears shall rise
Into those softly beaming eyes,
And then, oh, then, thou'lt think of me,
For 'tis my Spirit sings to thee.¹

END OF JUVENILE SCRAPES.

NOTE.

¹The object of these three gushings did not prove worthy—even of them—which is saying a good deal—but the feelings that actuated them are, at least honest, and may therefore perhaps be permitted to pass.

CHANGES IN LIFE.

'  IS yearssince stretch'd upon the sloping sward,
I gazed insatiate on the wave that poured
Its tumbling waters on the shelly strand,
Whose bending border flows along the land,
And looked with roving and delighted eye
On the stern profile of the cliff hard by,
That seemed imprinted on the blue expanse,
Outstretch'd in boundless sweep beyond my glance.
Oh, there as lapp'd in endless thought I lay,
And mused the swiftly gliding hours away,
As softest stains that flush the ev'ning sky
Were painted on the deep in varied dye ;
A waveless calm o'erspread my restless mind,
And death-like sleep came floating on the mind,
And softly settling on the eyes, he killed
My wand'ring sense with vivid visions filled.

Methought I saw beneath a gentle gale
The shell of Childhood hoist its tiny sail,

And, yet unskilled on Life's bewild'ring way,
Pause safely riding on the shelter'd bay,
Blent with the hues of many a flow'ry wreath,
Soft in the stern an infant lies beneath ;
Rock'd on a brightly heaving sea that glows
Fresh in the morning of a day of woes.
Not Paphian Cupid when, 'mid Cyprian shades,
He toy'd with Oreads in the sunlit glades,
Could boast a form or flush so softly fair
As that which mantles 'midst the flow'rets there.
Bright as the dew with Orient smiles appear,
Behold its guardian cherubs smiling near ;
Oft' on its cheek they shower carnation dyes,
Rose on its lips, and violet o'er its eyes,
With zeal officious calm the watery plain,
And launch the little pilgrim on the main.

Next view a bark impelled by Youthful hand,
And beckon'd onward by a merry band ;
Pleasure's vot'ries they—he sees—he flies—
Yet as he speeds they vanish from his eyes—
Enchanting Hope, all radiant at the prow,
Wakes ev'ry wind that whistles o'er his brow ;
With azure vestment flies o'er glowing seas,
And floats her tresses on the wand'ring breeze ;

Gilds with a halo of resistless hues
The quickened silver¹ that he's bound to lose,
And syren-like, a fond delusion flings
O'er joys that perish while the charmer sings.

Now mark the strife, when Manhood's ripening years,
His heaving bark in angry water bears ;
Ere yet the time when our ascending march
Has gained the curving pence of the arch.
For Life, the chequer'd scene of smiles and tears,
A close resemblance to the rainbow bears ;
The climax reached, descending e'en as man,
Its age the same—an hour's fleeting span ;
And as its base may lapse into the Sea,
So sink we into vast Eternity.

His shooting skiff, all helpless in the strife,
Is swept and hurried down the stream of Life,
For rudderless he sails the troubled wave,
No sainted pilot carries he to save ;
High on the poop dilates his glazing eye,
In horror at th' abyss he's drawing nigh ;
Vain hopes and fears his breast alternate sway,
And late repentance scarcely makes its way.

As some good ship long tossed by warring gales,
Approaching shore enfurls some gleaming sails ;
Her voyage o'er, near sheltered harbour brought,
With peaceful prow glides softly into port ;
So Aged Man, by heav'nly pilot swayed,
Infolds the thoughts his earthly pride obeyed ;
The struggle o'er, he nears the long-sought goal
That dawned at moments on his troubled soul,
And wearied with the day of ceaseless strife,
Gains the mild ev'ning of a stormy life.
Now certain Fate impends that nitid knife,
And snaps the thread that bound him unto life ;
The spirit freed, remounts its native skies,
And shades Eternal settle o'er his eyes.²

NOTES.

¹ Some writer somewhere compares Quicksilver to Pleasure—as attracting the sight or sense, and eluding the grasp.

² “Shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.”—*Pope's Homer*.



THE LAMENT OF ERINNA.

THE GREEK POETESS.



O H, Mother, dear, in vain I hide the tear,
My breaking heart no more its load can
bear ;

No more Erinna can the spindle turn,
Such preying fires in this sad bosom burn ;
Hush'd are the loveliest chords that murmur'd there,
Like distant music on the moonlight air ;
My much-loved youth to Telos comes no more,
But roves neglectful on the Lesbian shore.
The Muses there repose along the lake,
Where pendant trees the chrystal mirror break,
And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre gilds the vernal lawn,
With tuneful Sappho and a favour'd throng,
Resume the dance and raise the melting song ;
While gentle Echo hears the moving strain,
Awakes awhile, and wafts it back again.

To join those classic circles, gay and bright,
My wild young spirit often wings its flight.
But here, alas ! by destiny severe,
Condemn'd my falt'ring hands in toil to wear ;
My yearning spirit, in its tender rage,
Will beat and pant against its restless cage.
Then, my sweet mother, let me go, I pray ;
Oh, give my fond imagination way ;
From rugged Telos let me swiftly fly,
Or pine my lonely life away, and die.

She ceased—and low upon her heaving breast,
Her drooping head her swelling bosom prest ;
Cold o'er her frame a deadly langour swims,
Closed her bright eye, relax'd her fainting limbs—
The falling distaff quits her nerveless arm,
And low in grief lies ev'ry ivory charm—
Love's hopeless martyr sighs her soul away ;
And nineteen summers end in wint'ry day.

The mournful Greeks, obsequious, waft her o'er
To sorrowing Sappho, on the Lesbian shore ;
And there she sleeps, upon th' impending steep
That beetles o'er the wild Egean deep.

Alas ! poor maid—to excel thy touching strain
E'en Homer's self awoke the harp in vain.
“ Soft as some song divine thy sorrow flows,”¹
While sadden'd Grace a pleasing pain bestows.
The Three in ever consecrating song,
Still round thy tomb the mournful dirge prolong ;
Genius, the Mind, the Soul, yet o'er thee hang,
And snatch from Death his most alarming pang.
No dark Oblivion, silencing thy string,
Shall o'er thee bend and wave her sable wing ;
But pensive Memory, at thy lonely grave,
Still lingers with thee by th' intoning wave,
Since sad Apollo claimed the harp he lent,
And found its chords with mournful echoes blent.

Melsetter.


NOTE.

¹Pope's Homer.



THE VISION OF THEODORE.



ETHOUGHT I saw in tow'ring grandeur piled
The mighty Mount of Life's eventful wild,
Lone island in the darkly heaving sea,
The boundless Ocean of Eternity ;
Whose deeply blue and wildly rolling waves,
Rush on the darksome and resounding caves ;
And round the isle in many a muffled roar,
Boom on the shelving and the rock-bound shore.

Close o'er the rocks I saw a gentle rise,
O'erspread with flowers of a thousand dyes :
And all around the mountain's sloping face,
These varied gems impearl its vernal base—
There, led by Innocence's gentle hand,
With echoing laugh disport a rosy band,
And, guided by the maid of lovely mien,
Whose snowy robe shone fair upon the scene,
They cull'd the buds that sparkling did appear,
Like scatter'd fragments of a rainbow clear,¹

And leaving scenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And bidding young Delight a long farewell,
Essay with ling'ring steps the road of Life,
And scale the steep and barren Mount of Strife.

And now methought there came upon the scene
A nymph, severe in duty and in mien—
Who took the charge from Innocence's hands,
And rang'd them now in Education's bands.
They now do grieve to feel they are confined
To paths too rough and narrow to their mind ;
From which Desire still lurking to mislead,
Invites their steps and points to Passion's mead ;
The careful nymph attacks the tempting sprite,
And frowns its dang'rous presence from their sight,
Instructs her pupils oft' with thoughtful eye,
And points to where Seductive Habits lie ;
And frequent warns, as up the mount they toil,
That once entangled in their snaring coil,
They then will find the struggle doubly hard,
And mourn the freedom Indiscretion marred.
Of puny size these pigmies first appeared,
Unworthy note, and little to be feared ;
But, when Desire with pleasure-beaming eyes
Drew off some pilgrims with her gawdy prize,

Increased in bulk, gigantic now they loom,
And drag the wand'ers to th' impending doom.
Unnumbered chains upon the greater part ;
These captors fastened with peculiar art,
Who, ever busied with the scene around,
Ne'er noted noiseless links about them wound.

And then I dreamt pale Learning's reign was past ;
And as my roving eyes I upwards cast,
Two beings, of superior aspect, stood
Upon the threshold of a sombre wood.
The lesser one, I dreamt, was formed to sway
Imperial powers in Senates' wise array—
Dignity, sweetness, reverence combined,
Seemed mingled emblems of the other's mind ;
That, plastic Reason, often led astray,
This, safe Religion of the narrow way.
Charmed by her aspect, and her saintly mien,
The greater crowd upon proud Reason lean ;
And oft' they cry out Liberty ! but mean,
'Tis wanton License they would hail their queen.
For Reason ne'er without Religion's hand
Can walk alone, or lead a separate band,
But must, in climbing Life's gigantic tree,
Herself a follower of Religion be.

And oft' I marked as lab'ring up the hill,
The various bands obeyed their leader's will ;
That Reason's sons full oft' were lured away
By Passions now, and now Desire's mad sway—
And still some wretch whom Habits overtake,
Will loathe the bondage that he cannot break.
Not so the rest—for if to strive afraid,
Religion straight sent Conscience to their aid ;
But Pride, the Iris of haught Reason's sway,
If sent, would ne'er her message true convey,
But league with Passions, and to them confest,
Abuse the trust confided to her breast.

Now Reason climbs elate Ambition's tow'rs
And points an easier road to heav'nly bow'rs,
'Till mazed 'twixt devious paths and frequent turns.
She now her inability discerns ;
And turning round upon the puzzled throng,
She thus, repentant, pours her altered song—
“ No further now—oh impotent to guide
To regions where the deities reside—
Can I surmount the rugged ways to bliss,
Nor view the shrouded shrines of Happiness—
Tho,' great and noble, on the earth I dwell,
My power is to counsel, not compel ;

Thus, when my vot'ry is by Habit tied,
I can but treat and parley on his side ;
But when Religion's son a captive lies,
She ne'er submits to treaty for his rise,
But sure of conquest, stretches forth her hand,
And leads the wand'rer to his former band.
My road, 'tis true, as far as it extends,
Is like to that Religion's vot'ry wends ;
And tho' without her aid, and counsels sound,
Its straight and lucid track I ne'er had found ;
Incited by my flattering follower, Pride,
I claimed the path, and wished to be her guide.
But, after many a fruitless effort, find
My highest priv'lege is to walk behind.

See where her strength'ning and unerring hand,
Has placed the scanty members of her band,
And view the tangled brake and sudden fal,
Which ev'ry step our fainting hearts appal ;
Thro' these Religion's self alone can steer,
And on their bounds her sacred standards rear.
Behold yon mist, that wafted from the deep,
Enwraps the gloomy mountain's highest steep,
Beyond, in fields Elysian stretched along,
The temples of the Just resound the song—

But thro' that veil these eyes of mortal mould,
Were never yet permitted to behold.
Go ! follow then Religion's certain guide,
And ne'er, *alone*, in my wise voice confide ;
'But oh, my hand, avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where Reason lost in endless error strays ;
As up this thorny Mount of Life we run,
Great cause of all effects, Thy will be done,' "

But here the wild bird caroll'd loud and long,
And, sudden waking to that gladsome song,
I started up, and found Aurora's glance
Was darting on the brow that bore this trance.

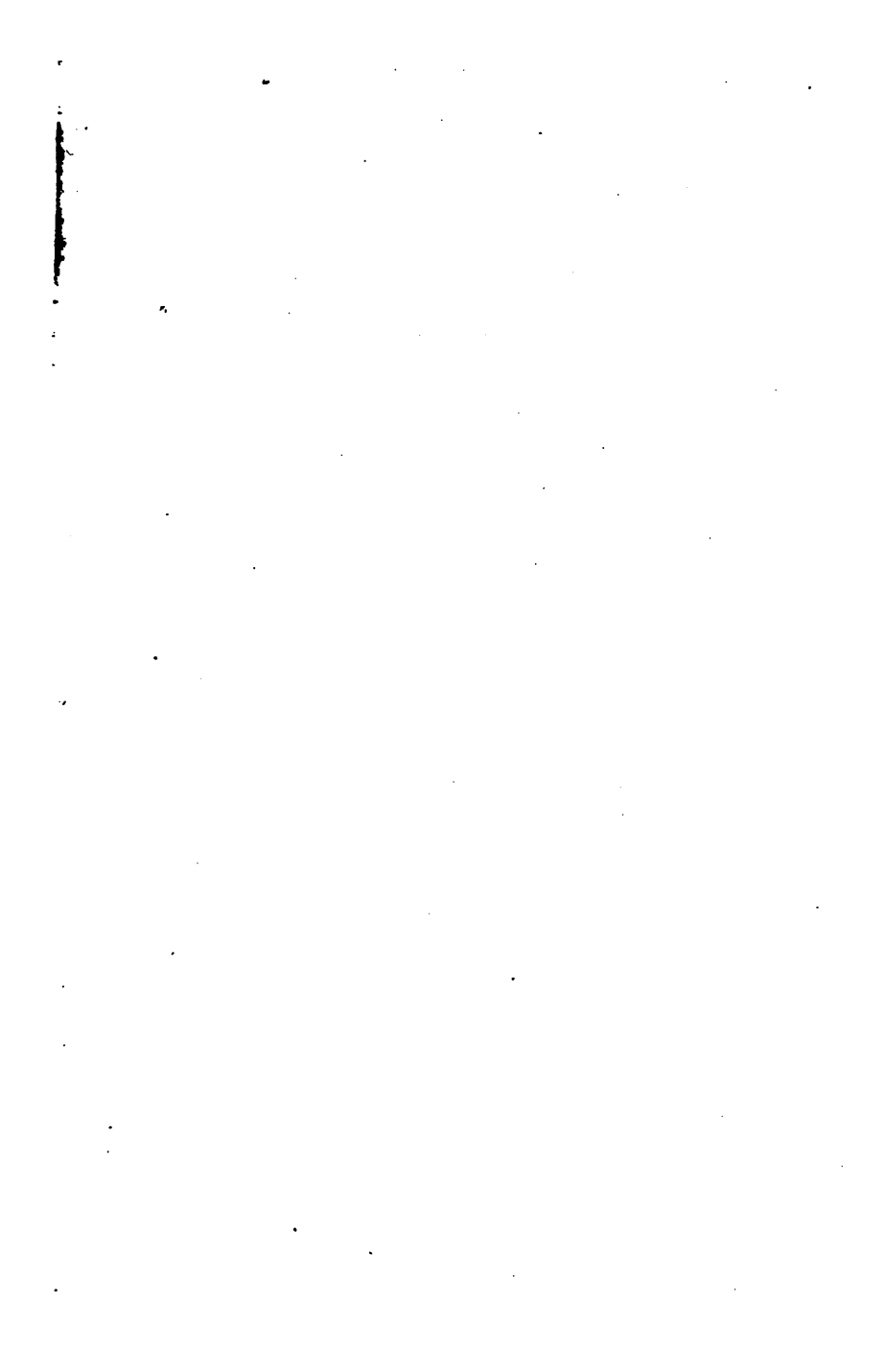
NOTE.

'Campbell compares flowers to fragments of a rainbow.











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